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THE NATION

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THE NEW TIDE OF NATIONAL POLITICS

EDWARD SCHNEIER

DOLLAR DRAIN OF WAR PETER PASSELL

Arabian Aftermath

The Strategy of Daydreams

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

After Fifty Years PART II

Lunatics, Dreamers and Revolutionaries

DONALD FANGER / SIMON KARLINSKY / MARK R. HILLEGAS

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NEWSPAPER NEW

LETTERS

color and authority

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: June Meyer's powerful essay-review ("Spokesmen for the Blacks," *The Nation*, Dec. 4) is brilliant, and well-deserved by the entire literary world of this country. With admiration.

Jonathan Kozol

New York City

DEAR SIR: I commend June Meyer for her beautiful piece. Anybody who has paid any attention to the race problem in this country would realize that it continues to be a problem because of the attitudes of the white community and more important, because the "Negroes have never been listened to." . . .

These attitudes have given rise to the ludicrous situation where Peace Corps volunteers—who have little if any competence in African languages—spend two years in an African environment and come back to write bestsellers, while Africans, spending a comparable time here, are considered not knowledgeable enough to write about this country. . . .

Apart from such people as the late Melville Herskovitz, Prof. Immanuel Wallerstein and a few others (half a dozen or so), it would be interesting to know also how many Americans know anything about Africa—and I will include those in the Administration and Congress who talk so much about helping the savages become civilized.

The Nation, like every journal in this country, prefers a Peace Corps volunteer over an African to review books about Africa. The Negro and the African should know they are in the same boat. It's time they realized this and learned to work together rather than bicker.

*P. K. Cobbinah-Essem
International House*

Rodin's space

New York City

DEAR SIR: As an artist who has long admired the sculpture and drawings of Rodin, I read with interest and care John Berger's "Notes for an Essay on Rodin" [*The Nation*, Dec. 18, 1967]. Then I reread these Notes with amusement, and finally with a sense of their absurdity. . . .

Mr. Berger assumes that, with the exception of the "Balzac" and possibly the "Walking Man," Rodin's sculpture "exhibits a consistent and fundamental weakness," a failure of his figures to "create any spatial tension with their surroundings," and a sort of inward pressure that he sees acting upon them, forcing them back into the material as if they were on the way to becoming bas-reliefs, indeed to vanishing altogether. In some intriguing, sexually titillating and aberrant way this is tied in to what is assumed to be Rodin's confusion of flesh with clay, and his uncontrollable desire to knead and mold live women with his hands, and we are given testimony in this regard by Isadora Duncan, who later wished she had let him.

May I suggest that the confusion is not Rodin's but Mr. Berger's. . . . For every critic who discovers that Rodin's figures are all collapsing inward I could round up a dozen practicing sculptors who would contend that they relate to the space about them as if they were alive and might destroy it.

Even in those marbles and bronzes like the "Gates of Hell," where the figures do not entirely emerge from the material, one is reminded of the "Prisoners of Michelangelo" in Florence, struggling against the bonds of their creation and their captivity.

Paul Hollister, Jr.

EDITORIALS

Now Is the Time

Both Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy are admirable public men with a high sense of public responsibility. Both are fully aware that the demonstrations, protests and riots of the last year were a reflection, in no small measure, of the sickness that besets the political system. Both must also realize that such public enactments of intense political frustration will assume even graver dimensions this year if the electorate is asked to choose in November among Johnson, Nixon and Wallace. Already the three of them are engaging in a competition in hawkishness on all fronts. All of them stress "crime in the streets" as though it were the No. 1 Issue. In a recent address to—of all organizations—the Boy Scouts' sponsors, Mr. Nixon said that the issue is not "crime in the streets" but "the war in the cities."

Let's be blunt about it: Johnson, Nixon and Wallace are widely and profoundly distrusted, not by the same people or for the same reasons, but by a majority of the electorate and for perfectly sound reasons. If the electorate must choose one of them in November, the winner will owe his victory to the fact that a majority of the electorate distrusted him less than it distrusted the other two. Such a choice could only have the effect of further undermining public confidence in the political system.

Governor Rockefeller and Senator Kennedy have it in their power to exert the leadership and influence that just might avert such a debacle. They are strong personal leaders, men of immense resources. Both tap powerful political, tribal and corporate sources of support. If the major parties were free to nominate their strongest nominees, the Governor and Senator would be nominated. But if both men persist much longer in the coyness that each has shown to date, the Dreadful Trio will confront us. Faced with this possibility, we appeal to the sense of responsibility which the Governor and the Senator have both demonstrated on other occasions to reassess their roles in relation to this year's election.

It is quite clear, of course, that Rockefeller and Kennedy are, as Ted Lewis pointed out in the *Daily News*, "at the crossroads of decision-making at a time not of their own choosing." Both face difficult problems. But we appeal to them not alone as party leaders but as public men who must see that their responsibility this year transcends partisan and personal considerations.

We appeal to them, we do not advise them. We are not suggesting, for example, that Governor Rockefeller should act this week or next or that he should enter this or that primary. As a man of his word, he has an obligation to Governor Romney. But he has other obligations, and if he waits much longer he may be unable to avert the debacle that so clearly faces his party and the nation. In 1964, the Governor got into the race at too early a date; this year he could wait too long. The Republicans, if there is any saving sense among them, must realize that with Wallace in the race, it makes no sense for them to nominate Nixon and pursue the "Southern" strategy that led to Goldwater's defeat in 1964. But time is running out and the Governor must give some indication soon of his

"availability" or we will witness a repeat of the rout of reason that prevailed at the Cow Palace in 1964.

Senator Kennedy has his problems too. He wants desperately to be President but feels that he must wait until 1972. But he may wait too long. Should the Republicans nominate Rockefeller, the Governor would, in our judgment, defeat President Johnson and might well be re-elected in 1972. But even if Senator Kennedy feels that he should stay out of the race this year, he could give Senator McCarthy more "running room" than he has provided to date. What he has thus far said and done has had the effect of isolating McCarthy; the coolness of the Kennedys is much too cool to pass unnoticed. Senator Kennedy must realize that "the lesser evil" logic cannot apply in a race of Johnson, Nixon and Wallace; his own integrity as a person would dissipate with every speech he made in support of Johnson. Two leaders of the McCarthy movement, Allard K. Lowenstein and Arnold S. Kaufman, state the issue well: "If a President is wrong but popular, political realities may make opposing him difficult, however right; if a President is right but unpopular, supporting him may be a duty, however difficult. But when a President is both wrong and unpopular, to refuse to oppose him is a moral abdication and a political stupidity."

Now is indeed the time for all good men to come not merely to the aid of their party but to help salvage the political system and a measure of national self-respect.

The Spock Indictment

The indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock, Rev. William Sloane Coffin and their associates raises issues larger than the government may wish to confront; conversely, critics of the Vietnamese War will be glad to have these issues brought out into the open. The government would like to see the defendants tried purely on the basis of the Selective Service law and the statutes pertaining to the duty of citizens to support the government in time of war. The defendants will probably stress the moral aspect—the rights of the citizen, who has a conscience, against the rights of the government, which has power. Admittedly, this is not a very promising line of attack since all wars in which the President chooses to involve the country have in effect become legal; besides, the Selective Service law applies, with or without a declaration of war.

On the borderline between moral and legal issues, the defendants can argue that what they did was nothing more, essentially, than a legitimate extension of the right of free speech. They in no way impeded a draftee in his desire to serve in the armed forces. All they did was counsel draftees who came to them with doubts already in their minds. If this is unlawful, only support of the Selective Service statutes would be allowable—or silence.

Then, what a curious "conspiracy" this was! The alleged conspirators, far from acting in secret to perform an illegal act, practically shouted their intentions from the housetops. Not only was there a complete absence of the secrecy surrounding an illegal act but the act itself was no more than symbolic. The Selective Service regulations do require a draftee to carry his registration card

IN THIS ISSUE

January 22, 1968

EDITORIALS

98

ARTICLES

- 102 Golden Hemorrhage:
Dollar Drain of Vietnam
Peter Passell
- 104 The New Tide of National Politics
Edward Schneier
- 107 Advancement School: Part II
Taking Risks with the Setup
Farnum Gray
- 110 Arabian Aftermath:
The Strategy of Daydreams
Joe Alex Morris, Jr.
- 113 Three Purple Hearts, Two Turtle Doves
and an Ambush in a Flame Tree
William Eastlake
- 114 Restaurant Workers:
The Thumb in Labor's Soup
Burton Hall

BOOKS & THE ARTS

- 117 Rehabilitated Experimentalist *Donald Fanger*
- 118 The Crime Against Pasternak *Simon Karlinsky*
- 120 Satiric Fantasies *Mark R. Hillegas*
- 121 The Fear Years *Helen Yglesias*
- 124 Book Marks
- 125 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
- 127 Crossword Puzzle *Frank W. Lewis*

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(a requirement which savors of European identification cards), but to return such a document to the government is merely an act of protest. The individual who performs this act is still known to his Selective Service board and it can lay hands on him the more readily because he has chosen this way of calling attention to himself. It is obvious that Dr. Spock and the others have not thus far made much of a dent in the Selective Service mechanism. At year's end, only 618 persons in forty-six states had turned in, burned, or otherwise "illegally" disposed of draft cards, according to Gen. Lewis Hershey, and Army spokesmen boast of the small percentage of military dropouts and AWOLs. Indeed one may well suspect that the indictments were returned primarily to appease the formidable General Hershey, who has mesmerized Congress and intimidated Presidents these many years, and who hailed the indictments as a personal triumph.

But whatever the reason, the indictment represents a crack-down, designed to pick off the leadership of the anti-war movement and to intimidate those who may be inclined to listen to their arguments. As such, it is another step in the long series of protestations by the government that it holds the right of free speech sacred, while making the exercise of that right harder and more dangerous.

Surgical Show Biz

From a purely technical standpoint, the human heart transplants are a marvelous accomplishment. Medically, they are in the same class as the rocketry and electronics that send men into orbit and will land them on the moon sooner or later. No other age could have accomplished such bizarre feats. The heart transplants also remind us that all medical progress, and the most impressive learning and skill that can be brought to bear, only shift the cause of death from one specialty to another and prolong the patient's life for a few more days or years. From the individual's standpoint the postponement is no small matter, of course, and the surgeons who essay these *tours de force* do set an example of coolness under pressure that somehow enhances human stature.

In addition, on the plus side, the acceptance of the heart of a colored donor by a white patient, or the heart of a woman by a man, is a lesson in ethics as well as physiology. A heart is a heart, a kidney is a kidney: physiologically a man is only a system of semi-autonomous subsystems that make up the wonderful human body. The dying South African accepted the heart of a colored man as eagerly as he would have the heart of a white man, and not even the most bigoted Afrikaners said a word.

These are the good things about operations of this type, which nevertheless are of far less importance than corrective open-heart surgery which is now performed routinely in every medically advanced country. But there are drawbacks as well. One is that a kind of star system develops among surgeons, in contravention of the established medical tradition that the doctor does his work and does not talk about it, except in technical communications with other physicians who may benefit by his experience.

The news media, especially television, could not be happier about this development: they are furnished with

a combination of the sob story, centering about the bereaved family or families, and the heroic spectacular, represented by the surgical team. And it is all real and serious. With television, money and bargaining enter the surgical amphitheatre, or at least camp just outside. Philip Blaiberg, the South African dentist who received the second heart transplant, or his agent, made a deal with N.B.C. for exclusive interviews and films—including the operation—for \$50,000. A free-lance photographer managed to get into the operating room gallery and shot some film before he was ejected. Apparently the surgeon, Dr. Christian Barnard, was unaware of the N.B.C.-Blaiberg agreement, and has decided to avoid further publicity for himself. The hospital, however, is less reluctant. For its publicity staff the heart transplants are a bonanza. A few weeks ago it was a local hospital like any other. Now all over the world people know about it who never heard of Massachusetts General or Maimonides.

But there is still another objection, perhaps the most cogent. Any medical advance involving life and death arouses expectations which are impossible at the time it first becomes known, and in many cases the innovation soon fizzles. In the case of heart transplants the difficulties of supply and synchronization are enormous. The vast majority of cardiac patients must live as best they can with the hearts their mothers gave them. This limitation should get more publicity; the successful transplants—when there are any—should get less.

Poetic Justice

It is not necessary to pass judgment on the merits of the case against LeRoi Jones, the Negro playwright, and his codefendants, in order to be appalled by the severity of the sentences handed down by Judge Leon Kapp in the Essex (N.J.) County Court. Mr. Jones is an abrasive type of revolutionary who does not deal in sweet sentiments or demean himself decorously in a courtroom, but he was not being tried for his personality. He was convicted of riding about Newark with two Negro companions at the height of last summer's riot, with guns and ammunition in the car. The average sentence to date for this offense is about six months, but Mr. Jones's accomplices got eighteen months each—part of it on probation—and the judge threw the book at Jones with a sentence of not less than two years and six months, a ban on probation during that term, and a fine of \$1,000.

The judge and the defendant were about equally abusive toward each other, but this is a matter in which equality does not conduce to the majesty of the law. The power was all on the side of the judge and he violated the canons of judicial behavior by bawling at the defendants as if they were in a dispute in a barroom. Nor does a good judge tell a defendant that he is "sick"—mentally sick in that connotation—when no suggestion of such illness is involved in the case at bar. The only objective view one can derive from these proceedings is that maybe Jones belongs in jail, but Kapp does not belong on the bench.

There is reason to believe, also, that the severity of the sentence was based partly on a poem which Jones had published in the *Evergreen Review*, which normally

has a circulation of 25,000 but now will probably have to increase its print order. Kapp regarded the poem as diabolical and read it in court before pronouncing sentence, with deletions that he considered appropriate. The judge was thus going outside the record—"dehors" in the legal term—and subjecting himself to a reversal on that ground alone. New Jersey is a big populous state, and its higher courts contain judges who do not like to see the lower magistrates lose control of their tempers or pronounce sentence on the basis of irrelevancies.

A reprimand has already been administered to Judge Kapp by an extra-judicial body. Writing on behalf of the American Center of P.E.N. in the January 10 *New York Times*, Robert Halsband, president of the organization, declared: "P.E.N. vigorously protests the impropriety of any judge imposing a sentence the severity of which is based on his disapproval of a literary work of the accused. This is a serious assault on freedom of expression, a right not only of every writer but of every American citizen, as stated in the First Article of the Constitution." Judge Kapp needs a refresher course at law school.

You Haven't Been There

Two war-hero brothers, back from Vietnam, shed some light on the war for those of us who haven't been there. Jim Libby, of Brunswick, Me., said that he could not see "how people who have never been to Vietnam can criticize what is going on there." His brother Bruce said that he couldn't understand "the concern at home for the burning by a Marine company of a Vietnamese village." The following excerpt from an interview with the brothers, published in the Brunswick-Bath *Times-Record*, may in part explain the criticism and concern:

[Bruce] said that after dark anything that moves is considered the enemy. He mentioned the "turkey shoots" which one brigade stationed north of Saigon participated in. The "turkey shoot" was the indiscriminate destruction of Vietnamese sampans on the river at night. "You don't know whether they are Vietcong or not," said Bruce.

Following an atrocity against a group of wounded Americans, Bruce's outfit went into a nearby village and asked the villagers the whereabouts of the Vietcong. The villagers said they had seen no enemy. The American outfit then proceeded to roll their M-48 tanks over the huts in the village. "If you don't think an M-48 tank romping through somebody's little thatched hut doesn't scare somebody, it does," Bruce said. He explained if the people think you are not going to do something, they will not tell you anything.

"Oh, yes, I'm all for it," Jim said of the war. "The people over there need help and this is the only way they are going to get it."

Scientists as Citizens

Perhaps more significant than any of the scheduled events at the 134th convocation, December 26 to 31, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was the confusion exposed there as to the proper role of science in a war-oriented society. Some years ago, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science applied for

affiliation with the AAAS and was rejected, presumably not because it was less worthy than the Herpetologists' League or the Torrey Botanical Club but because it is thought that, when scientists disagree, means exist (in the long run) for resolving their differences objectively; whereas social responsibility involves political attitudes which, all the more as science is supported by government through the decisions of politicians, can cause scientists a lot of trouble. Thus, although Prof. Hans Bethe, with his usual wisdom, said last month some things that needed to be said in his talk at the symposium, "Is Defense against Ballistic Missiles Possible?," the meeting as a whole was conducted as if the war in Vietnam were not raging and as if AAAS members had nothing to do with it.

The only deviation from this sedulously cultivated equanimity occurred at the New York Hilton, where the University Committee on Public Issues rented a meeting room for one evening and Prof. Philip Morrison and others gave proof (if proof was needed) that first-rate scientists can also be citizens concerned with the fateful events of the day.

The social scientists are doing better. In contrast to the quietism of the AAAS on Vietnam, napalm and the like, Seymour Melman of Columbia University and Walter Adams of Michigan State, at what *The Washington Post* described as "by far the liveliest and most emotional session" of the four-day annual meeting of the American Economic Association, attacked the military-industrial complex (which is in reality a *scientific*-military-industrial complex) for squandering a major portion of the country's resources on parasitic overdevelopment and overkill, and erecting "an edifice of neomercantilism and industrial feudalism" through state-protected cartels (as in oil), defense contracts, tax privileges, research support, patent policy, stockpile management, subsidies and the like. And, one might add, the wholesale subornation of scientists in government-supported "think-tanks" devoted predominantly to weapons development. Between them, Melman and Adams raised a storm and were assailed by a past president of the AEA for "muckraking."

Aside from such tumults, however, the philosophical question which is raised by the interaction of science and politics is of incalculable importance. The arguments against organizational participation by scientists in politics have been extensively disseminated: the contrary views have received less publicity. One is that those who let the genie out of the bottle should feel a bit more responsible for its subsequent antics than the laymen who had no hand in the catastrophe and knew nothing about either its ethics or technique until it was a *fait accompli*.

"It is my opinion," Eugene Wigner tells the American Physical Society, which finds itself in much the same position as AAAS, "that the Physical Society should stick to physics." But can it, any more than Wigner could when, with Leo Szilard, he persuaded Einstein to sign the atomic letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt? And, however the action of scientists was justified under the conditions of the late thirties, is it not arguable that, with the government pouring billions of dollars annually into science and technology, mainly war-oriented, the concern of "private" individuals and small groups is no longer sufficient?

DOLLAR DRAIN OF VIETNAM

PETER PASSELL

Mr. Passell is a graduate student in economics at Yale University.

Recent international financial events make it clear that the Johnson Administration must soon face the realities of an incompatible set of domestic and international commitments. The President's New Year's announcement of proposals to limit tourist travel and direct investments outside the Western Hemisphere indicates how serious the U.S. economy's international payments problem has become in the past few months. At the root of the difficulty is the fact that Americans must accept important, semi-permanent restrictions on their spending and investing behavior in order to enable the United States to continue the war in Vietnam. It is possible that opposition to necessary belt-tightening will succeed (where direct political opposition has failed) in forcing President Johnson to reconsider the wisdom of playing policeman to the world.

The Administration contends that the U.S. economy is able to maintain large armies in Vietnam and Western Europe while fighting the war on poverty at home and abroad. In one sense, that is true. It doesn't seem unreasonable to expect an economy capable of creating \$800 billion worth of goods and services a year to set aside \$30 to \$40 billion for overseas military commitments, \$2 to \$4 billion for foreign economic aid, and \$50 billion for domestic welfare programs. Moreover, the enlightened application of fiscal and monetary policy eases the burden by making it almost certain that production will increase by 3 to 4 per cent annually.

But though such commitments may be possible, the Congress and the Administration have not chosen to act upon them by authorizing a full program of domestic expenditures and appropriately restrictive tax policies. One result of the failure to keep the lid on the economy has been an increasingly serious balance of payments problem. Since the late 1950s, the United States has spent and invested far more abroad than foreigners have spent and invested here. While the exact size of the present U.S. deficit depends upon the payments definition used, net foreign claims on American reserves have grown dangerously large and are increasing rapidly. The capacity of the nation to finance further deficits depends upon the willingness of foreign central banks to continue to accumulate dollar balances.

American private foreign investments and imports, combined with official government purchases of goods and services abroad (partially resulting from the Vietnamese War), have provided individual foreigners with more dollars than they have desired to use for making purchases and investments in the United States. They have sold their excess dollars to their own central banks for domestic currency, leaving a number of Western European central banks bloated with dollars. The U.S.

Treasury is obliged to repurchase these dollars for gold if they are offered for sale. In practice, we have pressured foreign central banks into holding excess dollars in interest-bearing bonds whose redemption value is guaranteed in the nation's currency. These guarantees would shield the bond holders from loss in case the dollar were devalued. As of June 30, 1967, central banks and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) held claims of more than \$17 billion on U.S. gold stocks and foreign exchange, while the Federal Reserve owned only \$14 billion in gold, convertible foreign currencies and gold deposits held by the IMF.

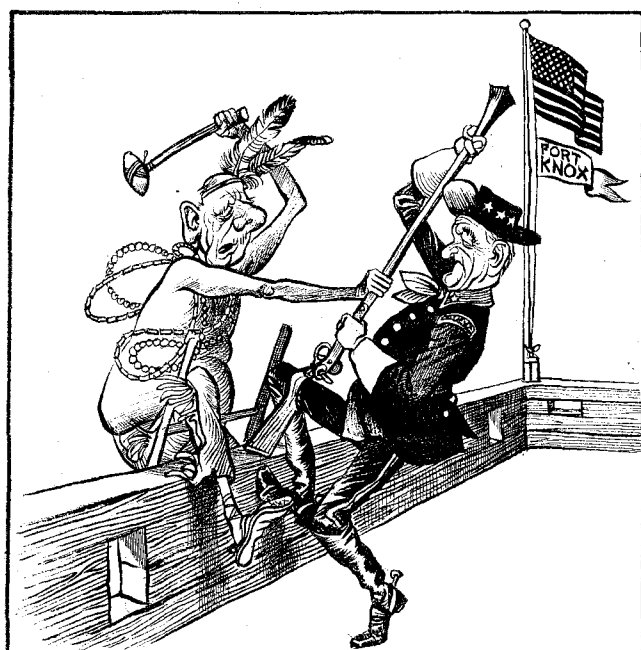
The figures do not indicate imminent disaster. In an emergency the United States would have large, unchallengeable borrowing rights at the IMF and would certainly be able to convince some of its foreign allies to hold dollars. However, the fragility of our international reserve position is far greater than Administration officials care to admit. Our net reserves (gold, foreign currencies and gold deposits with the IMF, less liabilities to foreign central banks and the IMF) stood at \$23 billion in 1950. Today, central banks and the IMF hold claims that are \$3 billion in excess of U.S. reserves. In spite of our efforts to unload dollars on our friends abroad, American gold stocks have decreased by more than \$11 billion to the present level of less than \$12 billion. The United States will almost certainly have to make up a \$4 to \$5 billion deficit on official exchange transactions in 1967 by peddling dollars to foreign central banks and/or by selling gold. President Johnson recently criticized the Congress for indirectly taxing the American people through additional inflation by refusing to pass the 10 per cent tax surcharge. What he did not say was that foreign central banks would also be asked to pay a share by financing additional U.S. deficits. However, unlike the uninformed public facing the impersonal taxation of higher prices, foreign central bankers will know exactly how much the United States is asking them to contribute and will have the opportunity and motivation to refuse.

The past willingness and current reluctance of foreign central banks to accumulate dollars is best explained by the changing power relationship between the United States and Western Europe. Central banks are government agencies whose narrow banking interests are often subordinated to more general foreign policy objectives. United States balance of payments deficits from the mid-1950s to the early 1960s financed massive American military and economic commitments around the world. Until the past few years the presence of American power in Europe was regarded by our allies as a necessary buffer against Soviet power. The psychological end to the cold war has brought about a re-evaluation of the desirability (from the European point of view) of being included in an American sphere of influence. U.S. payments deficits financed by European central banks help

make possible American involvement in Vietnam. They also support the continuing take-over of the most modern sectors of the European economy by American big business. Europe is not eager to allow Dean Rusk to make foreign policy for all the non-Communist industrialized nations, or to subordinate domestic economic policy objectives to the needs of IBM and General Motors. Overt French hostility to the extension of American influence is supported by less flamboyant opposition in other European countries.

An end to the patience of cooperating European central banks is thus close at hand. This has become evident since the recent IMF meetings in Rio de Janeiro and the British devaluation. At Rio, the IMF approved in principle a plan to increase international reserves to meet the needs of growing world trade and capital flows. The United States was informally served notice that other IMF members were not prepared to use newly created paper reserves to finance endless U.S. deficits. The implementation of the painfully negotiated, badly needed reforms agreed upon at Rio may thus hinge upon American willingness to correct its fundamental payments imbalance. Even more important, devaluation of the British pound was followed by several weeks of private (and perhaps official) gold purchases in London totaling approximately \$800 million. These purchases were made as speculation against the gold value of the dollar and are likely to continue sporadically. Such purchases directly affect the American gold reserve since the United States, as a member of the gold pool, is pledged to keep the price of gold in private sales at \$35 per ounce. By agreement, 59 per cent of the gold sold in London is supplied by the U.S. Treasury. Moreover, it is likely that recent foreign central bank contributions to the pool will leave these banks even more reluctant to increase their dollar holdings.

Successful devaluation of the British pound must lead



Macpherson, Toronto Star

to further pressure on the U.S. payments balance, making our job of "selling" the deficit to foreign central bankers that much larger and more difficult. The United States will probably lose gold reserves of several billion dollars in 1968.

The lesson of the preceding paragraphs is that the special nature of an external payments deficit and the re-emergence of independent European foreign policies have brought our ten-year grace period of foreign-financed deficits almost to an end. The impatience of Western European central bankers and the less predictable behavior of private speculators make it imperative that we take strong steps to protect our international reserves. There are plenty of ways to cut or eliminate the deficit, short of reducing U.S. military commitments abroad, but none of them is going to win votes in a national election. Some combination of the following restrictive measures would reduce import demand and help make American exports more competitive in world markets by holding down inflation:

- An increase in interest rates or direct limitations on consumer borrowing for housing and automobile purchases.
 - A large reduction in federal budget expenditures for domestic welfare or for additions to the U.S. strategic nuclear deterrent.
 - A substantial tax increase, with the heaviest burden falling on corporate investment and large incomes.
- Other direct measures might be taken to limit the outflow of dollars:
- Restrictions on private American overseas investment by means of an interest equalization tax with teeth or by direct controls.
 - Restrictions on American tourist travel abroad.
 - Reductions in foreign economic aid.
 - Trade restrictions such as import quotas, tariff increases or export subsidies.

A final way out of the crisis would be to devalue the dollar.

None of these alternatives provides an easy way out. Trade restrictions are likely to bring retaliation, and cuts in foreign economic aid would be heavily offset by reductions in U.S. exports. Devaluation is almost out of the question under the present circumstances. It could not take place overnight, since it requires Congressional approval, and an announcement of our intention to devalue would set off an unparalleled wave of speculative activity as individuals attempted to change their dollar holdings into gold, physical assets and Western European currencies. In all likelihood this would result in legal suspension of international capital movements and competitive devaluation around the world. We could expect severe curtailment of world trade for several years and at least a temporary decline in American economic power and prestige abroad. The uncertainties of such a period of economic disorder could lead to international economic anarchy reminiscent of the 1930s.

The President has chosen to request legislation curbing tourist travel and direct investments outside the Western Hemisphere. This legislation (if it is passed) will not be popular, particularly if it is severe enough to reduce the

deficit by a targeted \$3 billion. Mr. Johnson has himself suggested that enactment of the 10 per cent income tax surcharge will be necessary if more direct measures are to be completely successful. American consumers and businessmen will have to learn to live with these restrictions, and possibly more, as long as we are heavily involved in Vietnam or its future equivalents.

It is not easy to calculate precisely the reduction in our deficit which would result from a military pullback. However, very conservative estimates illustrate the magnitude of the potential saving. The war in Vietnam contributes to the U.S. deficit by increasing military expenditures abroad, reducing our capacity to export, and requiring the import of additional raw materials.

In 1966, U.S. military expenditures and military grants abroad totaled \$4.7 billion. Less than \$1.8 billion of this was spent in NATO countries. Direct military grants and expenditures in Southeast Asia were more than \$1.5 billion, while other war-related payments losses may be conservatively estimated at \$1 billion. Of course, some of these dollars stimulate foreign private and government purchases in the United States, so that the net savings resulting from a military pullback would be a good deal less than the total above. Probably just as important is the effect that a \$30 billion cut in the defense budget, even coupled with a compensatory tax cut or increase in government welfare expenditures, would have on the

balance of payments. American defense industries reduce U.S. exports by removing plant capacity from would-be exporters and by bidding away critical personnel such as engineers and skilled metal workers from export industries. Moreover, defense industries use large quantities of imported materials such as copper. The net effect of rechanneling \$30 billion in demand from the military to government welfare or consumer expenditures would reduce our payments deficit by a few billion dollars.

A pullout or a dramatic cutback in the Vietnamese War would probably reduce the U.S. balance of payments deficit by at least \$4 to \$5 billion. The United States must solve its payments problem within two or three years. Unlike the vague constraints placed on the President by domestic inflation, the balance of payment problem, which threatens to bloom into a major crisis at any time, cannot be met with gestures. If there is no reduction in the military effort, Mr. Johnson or whoever succeeds him will face the choice of enforcing severe, unpopular economic restraints or running out of gold. The American economy would not vanish in a puff of smoke if its gold resources were exhausted and the international exchange value of the dollar left to private market forces. This would, however, result in a large temporary reduction in world trade and further deterioration of relations between the United States and its Western European dollar creditors.

The New Tide of National Politics

EDWARD SCHNEIER

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More than 1 million Americans have in one way or another protested actively against the war in Vietnam. Each new round of anti-war activity brings out thousands of new recruits: people who have "never done this kind of thing before" but who feel so deep a revulsion against their government's policies that they are willing to do almost anything to express their concern. The anti-war movement, however, has also had its share of dropouts: people who feel frustrated to the point that they no longer see any promise in the politics of protest. Never before in American political history has so large a movement had so little impact on public policy.

But if the movement's impact on policy has been slight, its impact on its participants has not. In the long run the most significant result of the war in Vietnam may be its effect on American politics. The alienation of these protesters is breaking up the New Deal system that has governed the country for more than thirty years. It is not likely that 1968 will produce a realigning election—the discontented elements lack the cohesion to move effectively from protest to politics—but it seems certain that we approach a break-point in our political history.

The system that is being left behind can be defined

first, in demographic terms, as the coalition that elected Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and which has kept the country solidly Democratic ever since; and second, as a philosophy of politics which Theodore Lowi calls "interest-group liberalism." (See his splendid essay in the March, 1967, issue of the *American Political Science Review*.)

The New Deal coalition was built upon those groups that had been hardest hit by the Great Depression: Southern farmers, urban ethnic minorities, Negroes. Roosevelt brought intellectuals, Jews and organized labor into the fold, solidified the Democratic Party's hold on the rural South and the urban North, and bequeathed to his successors a system that has elected four of the last five Presidents and sixteen of eighteen Congresses. Not once since he first came into power have more Americans identified themselves as Republicans than Democrats. Even in 1956—the year of the Eisenhower landslide—surveys showed that only 40 per cent of the people were willing to call themselves Republicans (51 per cent were Democrats, 9 per cent independents).

The result of Democratic domination has been the atrophy of the parties, and the development of a system in which important decisions are made within the majority party or entirely outside the party system. Interest group accommodation has replaced party conflict as the medium of political decision-making. As Lowi describes the system:

Interest-group liberalism offers a justification for keeping major combatants apart. It provides a theoretical

basis for giving to each according to his claim, the price for which is a reduction of concern for what others are claiming. In other words, it transforms logrolling from necessary evil to greater good.

Every organized interest is allowed, in effect, to write its own ticket. Potentially dissident groups are bought off by giving them access to the levers of governmental power. The price is merely a pledge not to abridge the rights of others to collect their share of the subsidies.

As party competition has waned, interest-group activity has waxed: rather than press their claims in the testy arena of party politics, groups work through a pressure system that guarantees success to the well organized. The Democratic Party has become the major instrument of this distributive network: it has become the dealer to which all players turn for their share of the pot.

By and large, the system has worked. As long as there are sufficient resources to subsidize the major claimants, and as long as there is a basic ideological consensus endorsing the distributive system, interest-group liberalism provides a viable alternative to partisan conflict. If each of the major groups in society is free to write its own ticket, why should any of them be concerned with what the others get? In an affluent society it might indeed be possible to provide satisfactory subsidies to all major claimants—to reach the Great Society piecemeal, group by group, interest by interest in a big, happy consensus.

Under strain from the war in Vietnam, however, this system is unable to accommodate two significant developments: the growing intensity of anti-war sentiment and the politicization of the nonaffluent Negro. These groups make demands which cannot be met by distributive policies. On the one hand, the anti-war movement represents the first significant challenge since World War II to the foreign policy consensus. On the other hand, the war is creating dissatisfaction at home—particularly in the urban ghettos. With a quarter of the federal budget assigned to Vietnam, resources are scarce and the subsidy well is going dry. This means that the problems of the ghetto can be solved only by taking from other groups (through taxes or reduced subsidies) to give to the urban poor. To satisfy either the anti-war groups or the ghettos, in other words, is to provoke conflict, and conflict is precisely what interest-group liberalism seeks to avoid. The system cannot solve problems of either foreign policy or redistribution.

If the interest-group system cannot solve these problems, neither can the party system. The Republican and Democratic Parties have grown as unaccustomed to conflict as are the special interests. To the Democratic Party, softened by decades of rich pluralities, redistributive and foreign-policy issues threaten the continued success of the New Deal coalition. The Republicans, unable effectively to compete, have vacillated between accepting the basic rules of the coalition (as during the Eisenhower years) and a total rejection of it (as under Goldwater). Either way, it has not provided the kind of alternative that would make party competition an effective alternative to interest-group liberalism. Thus, for 1968 at least, the major parties are firmly locked into the basic New Deal pattern.

A brief look at the structure of the nominating system will show why it is so unlikely that the parties will respond to changing conditions.

On the Democratic side, almost a fourth of the delegates to the national convention will be from the eleven states of the Deep South. With Negroes still effectively excluded from party offices, these delegates will unquestionably be to the right of the President on the issues of peace, poverty and civil rights. This means that in order



to affect either the platform or the nomination, the left wing of the party would be forced to persuade two-thirds of the remaining delegates to challenge publicly the man they selected and backed four years ago. It would mean enlisting some proportion of the fifteen Northern Democratic Governors—none of whom has ever dissented on the Vietnamese issue—and some proportion of the 202 Northern Democratic Senators and Congressmen—only forty or fifty of whom have ever demurred. It would mean persuading patronage-oriented machines to challenge the chief dispenser of federal favors. It would mean, in short, attempting the impossible.

The situation in the Republican Party is even more discouraging. Party rules give bonus votes to delegations whose states went for the Republican nominee in the preceding election. Since five of the six states Goldwater carried were in the Deep South, the eleven states of the old Confederacy will have more power—310 of 1,333 convention votes—than ever before. If one adds to this figure the eighty-six votes of a Reagan-led California delegation and the sixty-two votes of five Goldwater-oriented, Mountain State delegations, it is plain that the far Right is within 200 votes of again dominating the Republican convention. Certainly, party leaders in these states want to elect a President, but state-wide races are at least as important to the professionals as Presidential contests; and a Hatfield, Percy or Rockefeller is not going to be very helpful to a Republican candidate for governor of Louisiana. With many border and Midwestern party organizations at least partially controlled by the far Right, it seems unrealistic to hope that a candidate to the left of Richard Nixon can be expected to win the Republican nomination (only 218 delegates are selected in binding primaries).

Thus the major parties are committed to a system that is becoming outmoded. They cannot deal with the major issues of the times and are unwilling to put these issues to the test of conflict. Two significant elements of the New Deal coalition—intellectuals and Negroes—will therefore be left with no place to go in 1968. Confronted

with a choice among two hawks and a segregationist, they are unlikely to vote with enthusiasm (except in those states where they can vote for Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the primaries). The frustration already so pronounced in both groups can only be heightened by this experience.

One immediate effect of the breakdown of the New Deal system is likely to be an increase of political violence: riots in the ghettos, acts of civil disobedience and disruption emanating from the universities. The radical Left—meaning those who advocate a complete restructuring of the system—will be significantly strengthened. But the full political impact of the breakdown is not likely to be evident in 1968. The Democratic majority will be sharply reduced, but not enough to affect the party's control of Congress or even, perhaps, the White House. The basic structure of the New Deal coalition will remain unchanged, if only because the dissenting Democrats will have no better place to go.

However unlikely change from within may be, those groups which are outside the positions of party power seem incapable at present of building a new system or even of forcing the major parties to reform. The Left is both disorganized and demoralized. The Chicago Conference for New Politics and recent national board meetings of the Americans for Democratic Action displayed vividly the extent to which the anti-war movement is divided. At issue between rival factions in both groups were not substantive matters, but the question of how far the movement should go in accommodating itself to the system. For the ADA the "system" means the Democratic Party, and the organization is divided between those who favor trying to reform the party from within and those who wish to keep their options open. For the New Politics people, the system is party politics in general, and the movement is divided between those who want to work through normal democratic channels and those who favor more revolutionary forms of action.

The one activity which the rival factions can support is protest. It is increasingly apparent, however, that demonstrations, teach-ins and letter-writing campaigns accomplish very little. The President has made it clear that he will not listen to the voices of dissent, and his defensive perimeter is impenetrable. The general public appears to be either bored or disgusted with the protest movement. More significantly, many of the protesters are themselves becoming disenchanted. The peace movement is losing its audience and is in danger therefore of losing its momentum. The more this happens, however, the more probable it becomes that the anti-war movement will draw itself together for a move from protest to politics.

The radical Right has already begun to move in this direction. The Goldwater campaign and the Wallace candidacy are both manifestations of a fundamental discontent with the New Deal system. If similar pressures on the system can be mounted from the Left, the chances are very good that 1972 will produce a realigning election—one in which there is a basic shift of the groups supporting each of the major parties.

Both parties, to summarize, are incapable at this time of breaking the old pattern. By skillful distribution of subsidies, the Democratic majority has been able to sus-

tain the New Deal coalition and thus to dominate the nation's politics for more than thirty years. Some groups that might properly prefer a Republican alternative—Southern farm interests for example—are prevented by immediate self-interest from making the move. Others, like organized labor, are so dependent upon party support for their claims that they are unable themselves to challenge the party's internal distribution of power, and unwilling to allow others the opportunity.

The cards are stacked within the Democratic Party because too many people have too much to lose from a change. The Republican Party is a party of losers—an organization dominated by groups and individuals who were skeptical about government to begin with, and who have forgotten what it means to mobilize political power. Neither party is capable of reorganizing itself.

Thus the division between the parties rests on an out-moded electoral cleavage. The problem in the context of American politics is not one of responsibility or the lack of coherent ideologies—responsible parties cannot coexist with federalism and the separation of powers. The problem is one of representativeness: present party alignments do not reflect the basic divisions of the society. The opposing coalitions which were formed in the election of 1932 were appropriate groupings of interest for that time, but they have long since outlived their meaning. And just as the depression revealed the anachronistic character of pre-New Deal divisions, so the war in Vietnam reveals the weakness of the present alignment.

If change is to come, it must be forced largely from the Left—from the discontented elements of the majority coalition. It cannot come from the minority side. Much depends, therefore, on the degree to which the Left can make the move from protest to politics, on the success with which discontent can be turned into popular programs, and on the degree to which significant participants in the New Deal system are willing to jeopardize their subsidies to encourage more substantial forms of government action.

Above all, the Left must learn the meaning of coalition politics. A viable alternative to the New Deal system cannot be built simply on dissatisfaction with things as they are. If there is to be a realignment of political forces, the Left must move from issue-development to consensus-building, from autarky to organization.

What are the chances that this will happen? For the immediate future, not very good. The New Politics Convention last September threw a cold light on the problems that confront such a move. Foremost among these is the problem of the missing delegates: the union leaders, farmers, businessmen and senior citizens who might have an interest in new politics but who were conspicuously absent from the Chicago gathering.

The second problem is Black Power. If the convention did nothing else, it demolished the myth of natural harmony between peace groups and Negroes. One of its outstanding achievements was to work out a *modus vivendi* with the black militants; but it is not a kind of solution likely to have wide appeal among white liberals.

Finally, there are the tactical divisions which the New Politics Convention revealed. "Don't Mourn for America

—Organize” was the slogan of the convention. But the unresolved question is “how?” On the one hand, the “old Left” forces are interested in the immediate problem of Vietnam, and in working for a political alternative in 1968. On the other hand, the young radicals—anti-political, anti-reformist and parochial—are thinking in long-range terms and seeking to create a radical alternative to participatory democracy.

Fragmented in this way and confronted with problems such as these, the Left is unlikely to be a significant factor in the 1968 elections. But the war in Vietnam has done more than the elections will show to destroy the Johnso-

nian consensus of 1964. The anti-war movement is founded on discontent with the President’s policies. More than that, it is founded on disgust with the ways in which those policies have evolved. If the November elections serve only to intensify dissatisfaction with the state of our politics—and that seems the likely outcome—it is merely a matter of time before this discontent exerts itself in a major realignment of political forces. The longer the war continues, and the more it eats into the funds available for other programs, the better able the Left will be to organize itself. The New Deal system is coming to an end, and there will be a new politics. It could happen in 1972.

ADVANCEMENT SCHOOL: PART II

TAKING RISKS WITH THE SETUP

FARNUM GRAY

Mr. Gray was a newspaper man for five years on the Rocky Mount Telegram and Winston-Salem Journal in North Carolina. He is now a curriculum writer for the Pennsylvania Advancement School.

Philadelphia

From the political jungle of North Carolina, the educational experimenters at the new Pennsylvania Advancement School have plunged into the jungle of urban education problems in Philadelphia. When the North Carolina Advancement School at Winston-Salem lost its autonomy after a prolonged attack by the educational authorities, the new school superintendent of Philadelphia, Dr. Mark R. Shedd, invited much of the staff to continue their experimental teaching in his city. [See “The Advancement School: North Carolina Kills Its Dream” by David Cooper, *The Nation*, January 15.] Shedd wants the new school to be part of the complex of what he calls “change agents” in Philadelphia.

Big city schools are failing because their huge bureaucracies are too unwieldy, cautious and isolated from students to meet the needs of children growing in a tense, rapidly changing environment. Shedd wants the Advancement School to attack urban education problems at both ends: by finding better ways to help children develop and by putting certain pressures on his bureaucracy. He has made clear to the administrators in his system that he expects radical changes for more effective education, but the system is too complex and rigid to yield to pressure that comes only from the top. “Students, parents and people in the community must generate pressures on the system to shake it loose,” Shedd has said. He sees the Advancement School as a prime pressure builder.

The Advancement School’s pupils, selected from public and diocesan schools, have average or better intelligence but do very poorly in their classes. They are underachievers and potential dropouts; also a reservoir of much untapped talent. At present, all pupils are seventh- or eighth-grade boys, a difficult group for schools to deal with. And under the federal financing guidelines, at least

half of the pupils must come from neighborhoods designated as poverty stricken; the others represent a cross section of the city. About 60 per cent of the boys are Negroes, a proportion that parallels the ratio in the Philadelphia school system. Pupils attend the Advancement School voluntarily and without cost for one semester, then return to their home schools.

Shedd expects that as children who have been consistent failures in school “achieve success at the Advancement School, their success will generate pressure for change on the traditional establishment.” Schools will no longer be able to excuse themselves by labeling such children “unteachable.” Conversely, he sees the school’s curriculum development and its teacher training programs as helping schools react constructively to the pressures he wants to stimulate.

The school’s staff puts its faith in the possibility, not the inevitability, of bringing about constructive change. At one meeting, Director Peter Bittenwieser told his colleagues, “The problems of the urban complex are so deep that we may not be able to make any change. We’ll try our best, but I think it’s damn frightening to take on this kind of problem.”

After several days of working with pupils, the teachers agreed with Bittenwieser that “Philadelphia underachievers are more complicated than those in North Carolina because of the severe kinds of strain in the urban environment.” The Advancement School comes to Philadelphia with more questions than answers. Its most important product so far has been not a set of doctrines but a freewheeling style of developing educational innovations.

Most of the country’s school curricula are shaped by textbook writers, often college teachers, working under contract to publishers. The harried public schoolteacher starts with his roll book, his grade book and his textbooks. These, rather than the needs of his pupils, dominate his planning for the year.

Taking their cues from the underachievers they work with daily, Advancement School teachers develop new approaches, ways of stimulating learning and creativity,

and high-impact materials. These are carefully analyzed. As the staff finds recurring factors in experiments that have worked, possibilities for further improvements open up and are tried with other pupils. Through this process, involving much conflict and imaginative work, diverse and continuously improving programs evolve.

Once a program has been conspicuously successful in its trial by fire with underachievers, it is field tested in regular public school settings. A public schoolteacher who tests a program discusses it with Advancement School staff members. The teacher learns and uses the philosophy and approaches for the overall program and for each lesson plan. For some programs, teachers are provided with materials such as paperback books, records, films and tapes.

The lesson plans are not designed to hold the teacher to fixed patterns. Rather, they are demonstrations of the teaching approaches. Teachers are urged to reorganize the material and create new lessons using the same approaches. Most of them do. Many teachers who used Advancement School programs in North Carolina reported that the experience had opened their eyes to how extraordinarily creative teaching could be. "I'll never teach any other way," one teacher wrote after field testing the school's communication program. Thus, public schoolteachers become agents of change in the entrenched system.

If a program succeeds in the public schools, any needed modifications are made and it is ready to be introduced formally into the public school curriculum—but only as an approach to teaching. The purpose is to free teachers from their ruts, not to create better ruts for them.

The Advancement staff thinks live curricula can be developed only if teachers are involved in the process, and three training programs at the school are aimed at drawing regular teachers into educational experimentation. In one program, public schoolteachers work full time at the school for one semester, sharing all staff responsibilities; other teachers come to the school for shorter periods. These temporary staff members continue to receive their regular pay checks and the Advancement School pays substitutes to take their home-school classes.

The school does not follow any particular set of educational theories and does not intend to produce any rigid ones, but a few principles have popped up repeatedly in the more effective programs, and won the acceptance of most staff members.

Successful programs "turn kids on"—stimulate them to learn and create. Children are best "turned on" by activities that involve them physically or emotionally. The communication program, for example, uses concrete activities to stimulate thinking, writing and other forms of communication. By exploring their senses in imaginatively designed exercises such as blindfolded tasting, students learn to strengthen their communication with appeals to the senses. An exciting lesson series takes them into exploring their emotions and personal experiences by seeing films such as *On the Waterfront*; acting out bullfights prepares for a discussion of courage.

As a way of "turning them on," the communication program urges students to go ahead and write without

worrying about grammar or spelling. The school's general activities stimulate the students, and many of them read and write more than they ever have before. When and if a student's desire to communicate becomes so strong that he wants to improve his techniques, he starts working to master the skills he needs.

Ted Katz, one of the teachers, says: "Many kids can't think about content if they're worried about making their writing correct." He tells of a boy who "did some beautiful things" in his three months at the Advancement School, including papers of up to 100 pages. A few weeks after returning to his home school, the boy sent Katz a letter, enclosing a 20-page paper he had written for his English class. In the first two pages, the teacher found enough errors to give the boy an automatic failing grade; she apparently had read no further. The boy's letter was a futile cry for help. "This kid was overflowing with ideas, and the rest would have come in its own season," Katz said helplessly.

The school tries to involve students in learning in ways that make a broad range of subjects relevant to their lives. Even would-be toughies become absorbed in ballet when led into it through athletics and acting out gang fights. But the process requires a degree of freedom unimaginable or frightening to many school administrators. It is this freedom that North Carolina withdrew and Philadelphia has proffered.

The unusual idea of transplanting the controversial school was first conceived early last February by Terry Borton, a Philadelphia curriculum development specialist. Borton visited the school to look at its approach to emotional, personal and perceptive development. He mentioned the school and its political troubles to Richard H. de Lone, an assistant to Shedd. Shedd had heard of the school and was interested.

At a funereal staff meeting in Winston-Salem on March 2, Advancement School leaders announced that the school had lost the fight to keep its autonomy and that employees were free to seek jobs within the regular school administration or elsewhere. Many of the teachers did not want to knuckle under to the State Department of Public Instruction by taking jobs they were convinced would become sterile. They also thought that much of what they had learned—particularly their style of innovative development—would be lost if the staff scattered. A poll showed that many wanted to move the project intact.

Butenwieser thought the idea of finding a new home and providing facilities within a few months was "preposterous." But a few days later he met in Washington with Shedd and de Lone, who had only the informal approval of school board members to investigate possibilities. Butenwieser and Shedd discussed the Advancement School's philosophy and programs, testing each other's ideas on what the project should try to do. Shedd particularly wanted to know if the school shared his concern with "opening kids up and letting them fly," rather than providing a limited program to remedy skill deficiencies. After several hours, de Lone, a former newspaper reporter, said: "Why don't you stop talking philosophy and get down to brass tacks?"

"This is the brass tacks," Shedd told him. He was right. The harmony of Shedd's ideas and those developed at the Advancement School gave the staff the confidence to move to the urban North.

Shedd saw the school in action shortly after the Washington meeting. He evaluated its programs and checked to see who the staff's key people were. He was pleased by the quality of those who wanted to stay together by moving to Philadelphia. Shedd is eager that the Advancement School should do some of the very things that incurred the enmity of North Carolina's top school officials. And a main reason why he made the Advancement School one of the cornerstones of his administration is that he saw things at the North Carolina school that he wants for his public schools—happy, excited children, teachers working openly and productively together, administration that encourages rather than stifles creativity, successful racial integration.

Shedd made a spot commitment, emphasizing that he was very much aware of the risk the staff was taking. He thought they could not withstand a second political clobbering and, of course, he could not guarantee that the winds would not change in Philadelphia.

At the same time, he was taking a risk himself; the project had worked well in North Carolina, but it would have new—possibly greater—problems in the big city. As he boarded a plane to leave Winston-Salem, Shedd shouted to a somewhat frightened Bittenwieser: "Keep the faith, baby!"

Seventeen of the North Carolina school's thirty-four professional staff members joined the Philadelphia project. Bittenwieser rounded out the staff with another twenty-six, attracted partly by the school's reputation.

On October 16, the Pennsylvania Advancement School opened its iron gates to 140 Philadelphia boys in a seven-story former warehouse. The building, bought in a rush by the Board of Education to get ready for the new project, looks nothing at all like a school. It has large areas of floor space with 3-foot-thick concrete columns 16 to 18 feet apart, and no interior walls to contain the noise of active boys. The Philadelphia system's school facilities division is moving at imperceptible speed to make requested improvements. Equipment orders were embroiled in the purchasing office's red tape, and the school opened without much of the electronic gadgetry it plans to use. When renovation of the building is completed, the school will take about 220 boys a semester.

The school had been founded with a conventional organization, with pupils moving every hour among classes in various subjects. Teachers were organized into departments—English, mathematics, science, social studies and physical education. Most curriculum planning was done within departments; there was little communication between departments, and what students did in one course was seldom related to what they did in others. Last February, a staff committee decided that such an organizational structure was irrelevant to the way children should learn. It determined that whether they were in Winston-Salem or some place else, they would have a new kind of school in the fall.

The problems in Philadelphia of the building, the un-

familiar urban boys, and uniting new staff members led to some consideration of using the old organization for one more semester. But the staff took the risk of trying out a new plan. They divided into four teams, each responsible for development of one-fourth of the boys. Each team had representatives of all disciplines, and the idea was for curriculum planning to be done by teams and across the artificial academic boundaries.

Theories and plans can fall apart fast before the onslaught of rambunctious boys, and the first day of school brought troubles. Not enough thought had been given to directing problem children in the wide-open building. Without adequate preparation for the kind of freedom the school was offering them, many boys became too high-strung to concentrate on any activity. Lights burned late in the warehouse that night, and teams have continued working at night and on weekends to prepare unified programs for getting boys involved in learning. Most boys showed improved learning attitudes in the first week or two. A major continuing question for the staff is: How do teachers work in teams without diluting one another's effectiveness?

Most boys like the school. Comments by parents have been both puzzled and enthusiastic:

"How can kids learn from fun and games?"

"What's my boy supposed to learn from watching *The Seven Samurai*?"

"He's written the best story I ever saw him write!"

"He never talked about his other school; he doesn't shut his mouth about this one."

Both Bittenwieser and Shedd have repeatedly said that there is no way of effectively tackling the urban education problem without taking enormous risks. While the Advancement School is taking its risks with the new organizational setup, Shedd has strengthened the staff's confidence in him by gambles that make school administrators blanch. At a meeting of student council presidents from city and suburban high schools, he challenged pupils to apply pressure to his own bureaucracy. He urged that pupils draft their own proposals for urban studies programs and take them to their social studies teachers. If the teachers would not try the programs, students should go to principals and continue fighting their way up the bureaucratic ladder, moving a step higher after each rejection. If they got as high as Shedd and he rejected them, they should go over his head to the Board of Education. Shedd said the process should help students learn about the system and how to get things done within it.

One of the distinctions of the Advancement School has been the unusual qualifications of its staff, which includes dancers, actors, artists, writers and former Peace Corps members, some of whom do not have teachers' certificates and one of whom has no college degree. To give it the autonomy for that kind of staff and for its freewheeling experiments, the school was set up in Philadelphia as a nonprofit corporation with an eleven-member board of directors, including a variety of community leaders. Earlier, Bittenwieser rejected the idea of having a six-member board including three Advancement School administrators and Shedd. He wanted a strong board.

The school's autonomy is not intended to put it in an

ivory tower. "We want to get to that school system," Buttenwieser has told his staff. "Our chances of keeping the lines of communication open are very good. This isn't just Shedd; it's people whose interest in making changes predates Shedd's coming. In Philadelphia, there's a genuine desire to move education forward."

Buttenwieser has "a basic aversion to projects that view themselves as whole or alone." And staff members are interested in working with the other innovative projects in Philadelphia, two of which will soon be in the building with the Advancement School.

And the staff learned some hard lessons from its experience in the South. "We used to think education was separate from everything else, but it is interconnected with politics," Buttenwieser said. "You can only play a creative educational game under certain ground rules—freedom to explore, live the way you want to live, be free of the ridiculous and arbitrary restraints of the bureaucracy. You politic to maintain that freedom for your staff."

But he has said that he will not manipulate the staff or the integrity of its experimentation to gain political advantage. This unwillingness to compromise applies even to trivialities. When a group of school principals and coun-

selors visited the school to meet the staff, one principal told Buttenwieser: "A few of your teachers don't dress like teachers. What can I tell parents if they ask me about it?" At Buttenwieser's request, he pointed out three staff members, flashiest of whom was George Mager in his stylish, Edwardian-cut coat and lavender-and-white striped trousers.

"I dress like a very conventional clod," Buttenwieser told the principal. "And that should make parents feel at ease with me. But I'm not at all sure that kids don't feel more at ease with someone dressed like George Mager."

The Philadelphia Board of Education, as a whole, seems to support constructive innovation. Its president, former Mayor Richardson Dilworth, can get things done in the political arena—an ability school officials often lack.

But the most hopeful sign is the interest teachers and principals are expressing in trying new ways to rejuvenate schools. "Many people in education today really feel that some inroads have to be made in the way we handle kids," Buttenwieser said. "Advancement schools, no matter where they are, will always attract a great number of people who are interested in innovating, and I think there's a far larger population out there than we imagine."

ARABIAN AFTERMATH

THE STRATEGY OF DAYDREAMS

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past sixteen years.

Beirut

"I wish the Israelis had taken Damascus, and even Cairo. Then we'd have to stop all this damn talking and do something."

The speaker was a well-educated Arab housewife, a Palestinian by birth but for the past twenty years a resident of Beirut. As I talked with her, it seemed to me that her emotional reaction to the June war was much more representative of Arab thought and feeling in the aftermath of defeat than all the mouthings of Arab politicians, of whatever political stripe. The overwhelming feeling of the Arab in the street, now that the immediate shock of the defeat is past, is one of hopelessness and frustration. But in the bizarre world of Arab politics, that is the one feeling that is most obscured.

On the extreme Left, the military bosses of Syria and Algeria call for a continuation of the war that made a shambles of Egypt's military machine. On the Right, King Hussein of Jordan appeals for moderation and a political settlement wherein he hopes the major Western powers will put the squeeze on Israel to retire from the conquered territories. Neither solution is practical, and the cynical and worldly-wise Arab proletariat knows it. On this issue the people ignore their politicians, who in any case are hardly representative of their subjects.

In the Arab world, skepticism bred from decades of disappointment has produced a kind of political nihilism, which leads thinking Arabs to believe that no matter how bad things are today, change is only likely to make them worse. This has been borne out dramatically by the Arab-Israeli war, and appears to have dumbfounded the Israelis as much as anyone else. The shock of defeat has not led to great political upheavals in the Arab world. In fact, a case can be made for the proposition that all the shaky Arab governments are now in a stronger position than they were before June.

The Israelis were frankly hoping that some of their more obstreperous neighbors, notably the pseudo-Socialist colonels and their front men in Damascus, would collapse under the weight of angry public reaction once the truth of the June war was driven home. The Syrian regime hastily evacuated Damascus, leaving the ancient city wide open to Israeli conquest, but now the colonels are back, more aggressive than ever.

The attitude is perhaps best illustrated by the behavior of a right-wing Lebanese politician, a well-known and zealous opponent of Gamal Abdel Nasser and everything he stands for. When Nasser made his famous resignation speech immediately after the war, this man sent him a fervent appeal to reconsider, despite the fact that for years he had been denouncing the Egyptian as a menace to Arab society. The Lebanese politician was not interested in Nasser's survival, but he feared what might come next, not only in Egypt but perhaps in Lebanon as well.

The Arabs learned few if any lessons, even military lessons, from the June war. The tendency everywhere has been to blame the catastrophe on a few generals and let it go at that. In Egypt, some generals are now on trial for the sorry show they put up. Yet it is widely known in Cairo that Nasser's pilots had warned him of the consequences if he permitted Israel the first strike. In Jordan there has been a military shake-up and some key generals have been retired. Jordanians blame the Egyptians for their particular disaster, and say Nasser kept promising them air cover even after his air force had been destroyed. The colonels in Syria keep their own counsel. Even on the brink of a catastrophic defeat, they saw no need to justify their actions and the coup-weary Syrian public is apparently beyond asking.

In the aftermath, the Arab's political nihilism has taken another form, a widespread resistance to any compromise settlement, such as U Thant's special emissary is now delving into. The Suez Canal is the best example. It remains closed, and Nasser is losing more than \$10 million in revenues every month it stays that way.

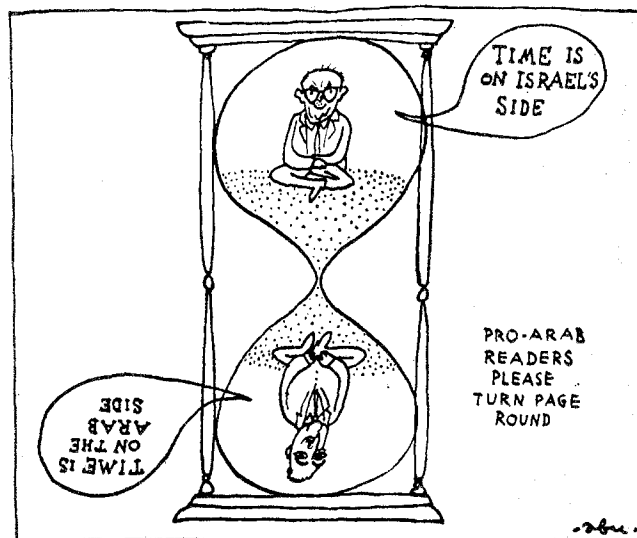
At one time, there was some hope that a deal could be made whereby Western pressure would prevail upon Israel to pull back from the canal's east bank so that the channel could be cleared of sunken ships and reopened. The Arabs stood by their demand for a total Israeli withdrawal. Meanwhile, the canal silts up at the rate of 1 foot per year. The Japanese and others are building super-tankers at a rapid pace, and soon it will be cheaper to take Middle Eastern oil around the horn of Africa, whatever the fate of the 101-mile ditch.

The Arabs have not always been so deeply attached to principle; in recent years they have been in the vanguard of those Third World powers that seek to play the West off against the Soviet bloc for their own political and economic gain. But in the case of Israel, the Arabs think they have a classic case of injustice, and they mean to make the most of it.

In fact, it has become an obsession which brooks no compromise. Immediately after the June war, there were some like King Hussein who were ready to make a deal, although on what terms it never was exactly clear. The Israelis snuffed out these hopes by taking an intractable stand on Jerusalem. It never was much of a possibility since no Arab leader is publicly ready to concede the smallest slice of Arab land to the enemy.

The Arabs rest their main hope today on time and attrition. When the Beirut housewife wished the Israelis had occupied Damascus and Cairo, she was projecting these hopes. Israel took on considerable occupation burdens when it seized Jordan's west bank, the Gaza Strip and the Sinai Peninsula. In addition to a vast area three times the size of Israel itself, the Jewish state incorporated about 1 million Arabs, which explains in part its reluctance to allow repatriation of refugees who crossed into Jordan.

This reduced the Israeli-Arab ratio in Israel from about 8 to 1 to roughly 2 to 1 in the expanded state. Israel may or may not be able to manage the new security problems involved, but it is fairly certain that any further Israeli advance would have produced an unmanageable



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

situation. Occupying the west bank of the canal would accomplish little more than greatly magnify security problems by bringing three large cities, Port Said, Ismailia and Suez, into the Israeli fold. Israeli troops are only 35 miles from Damascus now, and any further advance would soon run into heavily populated areas.

The Dead Sea Valley east of the Jordan River, the present boundary, has little to offer except more refugee camps. Defensively, there is much to be said for keeping the line at the river.

There is growing awareness in the Arab camp that even if Israel can manage to control the occupied areas, it would be foolish to spread further. This strategic insight has contributed to the increasing aggressiveness of the various Arab guerrilla units operating inside Israel. The disasters of the war have increased Arab respect for these ill-equipped and badly trained formations, of which the al-Fatah group is the best known. Before June, they were widely discredited as embarrassing long-range Arab plans to subdue Israel, but once the Arab armies had been beaten and the myth of conquest was at least temporarily subdued, the guerrillas came into their own. Palestinians working in Kuwait, who have been paying a 5 per cent income tax to the Palestine Liberation Organization, have asked the ruler to switch their tax payments to al-Fatah.

Israel has already resumed its policy of reprisal raids as a means of keeping terrorism down. In November, the army delivered a mortar attack on a refugee camp east of the Jordan, from which guerrillas were suspected of operating, and followed this up the next day with an aerial attack on Jordanian army positions. In the aftermath of the June war, this stirred barely a ripple of international concern, despite the fact that the Israelis used napalm. The war has changed the accepted reference marks for incidents; it takes the shelling of Egyptian refineries at Suez or the sinking of an Israeli destroyer by Egyptian guided-missile boats to create much of an uproar these days. The killing of fourteen Palestinian refugees by mortar fire simply doesn't register.

Guerrillas fit better into the Arab sense of things than

does a coordinated Pan-Arab military response to Israel. The latter takes time, and always runs the risk of sabotage when the inherent contradictions in Arab political life rise to the surface, notably the conflict between the Arab "progressive" states and the oil-rich but politically backward deserts of the Arabian hinterland. The melodramatic idea of a secret band of heroic strugglers for the holy cause raiding in enemy territory strikes a responsive chord in Arab hearts.

Israeli reprisal tactics against hapless Arabs who may or may not be involved has done little to slow down the guerrillas. In recent years, the number of groups known to be operating has risen from the original al-Fatah to five, although al-Fatah is still doing most of the work. The Jordanian Government, which is thought to be genuinely trying to halt guerrilla forays from its soil, has been unable to stop them, although a number of guerrillas have been arrested. The partisans get a sympathetic reception in the refugee camps, where King Hussein's police exercise a minimum of control.

There are reports that Israel has managed to infiltrate some of the units, but even this is unlikely to bring their activities to a halt. They operate along classic lines, with members of individual units knowing only the members of that unit, and the leader in contact with only one representative of a higher echelon. The prospects are that guerrilla activity will increase, both in the occupied west bank area and inside Israel proper. Despite Moshe Dayan's claims to the contrary, there is little evidence that life inside Israel is much more secure now than it was before the war, with the exception of the border kibbutzim that are no longer directly under Syrian guns on the Galilee heights.

Faced with their present predicament, many Arabs today hark back eight centuries or so to the time of the Crusades. The Franks took Jerusalem, they will tell you, and held it for seventy years. But eventually the Crusaders were driven out of the homeland, and the same will happen to Israel. Times, of course, have changed since then. Technology plays as great a role as numbers in modern warfare, as Israel's swift victory in June proved. But the Arab prefers to think in terms of numbers, like 100 million Arabs against a paltry 2 million Jews. He is prepared to wait, if necessary, another seventy years for victory.

Anything can happen over decades, but the immediate prospects for change in the Arab world are not bright. A few leftist intellectuals will tell you that the June war spelled the end of military supremacy in the Arab world, but that is wishful thinking.

The June debacle has had one significant if transitory effect on Arab politics. The struggle between progressive and conservative blocs has come to a halt, largely on terms favoring the conservatives led by Saudi Arabia's King Feisal. Egyptian troops have been pulled out of the Yemen, and President Abdullah Sallal brusquely removed from office. In his financial extremity, Nasser has turned again to loving his Arab brethren whatever their politics. In return, three of the oil kingdoms, including Saudi Arabia, are staving off Egyptian collapse with gifts of \$266 million annually. Another \$112 million is going to

Jordan, which lost all its tourist attractions and most of its productive land when Israel seized the west bank, and was saddled with another 200,000 refugees as well.

For Feisal and the other oil kings, this is money well spent. The Saudis always managed to spend their oil income, but wasted a great deal of it. Libya and Kuwait have more money than they can absorb, and if contributions to Nasser help keep the Nationalist tiger off their backs, that is to the good. Nasser will be needing the oil money for some years to come. Instead of being able to sit back gleefully and watching the Arabs tear one another apart, Israel faces greater Arab political harmony than it has seen for many years. Feisal has even quietly shelved his so-called "Islamic Alliance," a political grouping he worked assiduously to develop as a counter to Nasser's Arab nationalism.

But thoughtful Arabs are fully convinced that the United States will never allow them their right to take back by force what was taken from them by force. They are aware of the Sixth Fleet patrolling in the Mediterranean. They may still dream that the Soviet Union, the friendly superpower, will step in and neutralize U.S. military might, but very few Arabs believe it will happen. It didn't in 1956, and it didn't in 1967, so why should it happen next time? Why, when Moscow today is taking a moderate line and denouncing such Arab extremists as the Syrians?

You can talk to an Arab intellectual about the United States and Russia, but you rarely see even guarded references to this essential fact of power in the Arab press today. One of the very few to discuss it at all in print is Mohammed Hassanein Heikal. Nasser's confidant, editor of the prestigious *al-Ahram*, and a man emerging slowly as a critic of the military caste. But the message is not getting through to the man in the street. Instead, he is fed a daily diet of a rising wave of terror inside Israel, mixed with accusations that the disaster was the fault of a few incompetent generals.

The spirit is infectious. It is picked up even by people who know better but who will nevertheless ask your honest opinion whether the Arabs are ready yet for another round against Israel. Nasser, in his November speech, managed to say that the Egyptian military machine was 80 per cent wiped out in the June war but was now stronger than ever. Few asked publicly how this could be, particularly with 5,000 Egyptian officers and technicians languishing in Israeli POW camps.

The Arab mood today is certainly one of frustration and despair, but it is not one of surrender. They have been humiliated three times in the past two decades by the Israelis, and many times previously in this century by the Western powers. The June war was but the latest event in a depressing series. The reverses the Arabs suffered were not great enough to bring about the sort of capitulation the Israelis hoped for. The beating was not painful enough to bring them to the bargaining table on Israel's terms. As long as the oil keeps flowing, they will manage to survive.

Whether Israel will survive in its present swollen form is the question that fascinates them. It gives the Arabs hope that they, and not the Jews, will win the waiting game. It may be a faint hope, but at present it is all they have.

3 Purple Hearts, 2 Turtle Doves

And an Ambush in a Flame Tree

WILLAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronx People (Harcourt, Brace) and Castle Keep (Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to South-east Asia.

We arrived at the river where our attack would jump off late. Now it was dark. The men had to light their cigarettes beneath high-held ponchos so that the glow would not draw fire from across the river.

"When you get three purple hearts you automatically go home."

"I am a civilian," I said. "The press."

"You got a gun?"

"No."

"You'll need a gun."

"No."

"You got an entrenching tool? Something to dig in with?"

"No."

"After we cross the river the VC will mortar us. Stay with me."

"All right," I said.

That night I stood guard with Stay-With-Me in the moonless night. Our watch was on the inner perimeter behind a tank turret.

"Call me Lorrillard," Stay-With-Me said. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," I said. "It sounded like a hurt animal."

"Or maybe the VC slit Chuck's throat."

"Who is Chuck?"

"That's what we call white troopers," Stay-With-Me said. "This is Lima one calling Lima four," Lorrillard said into his transmitter. "Did you hear that mother scream?"

"That what?"

"That cat."

"Cat?"

"Mother."

"Mother?"

"Put on a brother."

"Hello, Brother. Chuck doesn't understand."

"I understand all, Brother."

"Peace."

"Peace."

"Did you hear that mother scream?"

"These are the fortunes of war, Brother."

"To whom do I have the good fortune to be speaking?"

"Mohammed Zeppelin."

"Zeppelin, this is Lorrillard. How you making it?"

"Get back to the scream," I said.

"Mohammed. I am with a correspondent from the other world who is understandably perturbed. What would you prescribe?"

"Peace."

"Can we get back to this war?" I said.

Lorrillard dropped his contact. "You were saying?"

"If the enemy get through our outer perimeter. . . ."

"We will know that soon enough," Lorrillard said. "Feel and tell if your head is still tied to your neck bone."

"It is," I said.

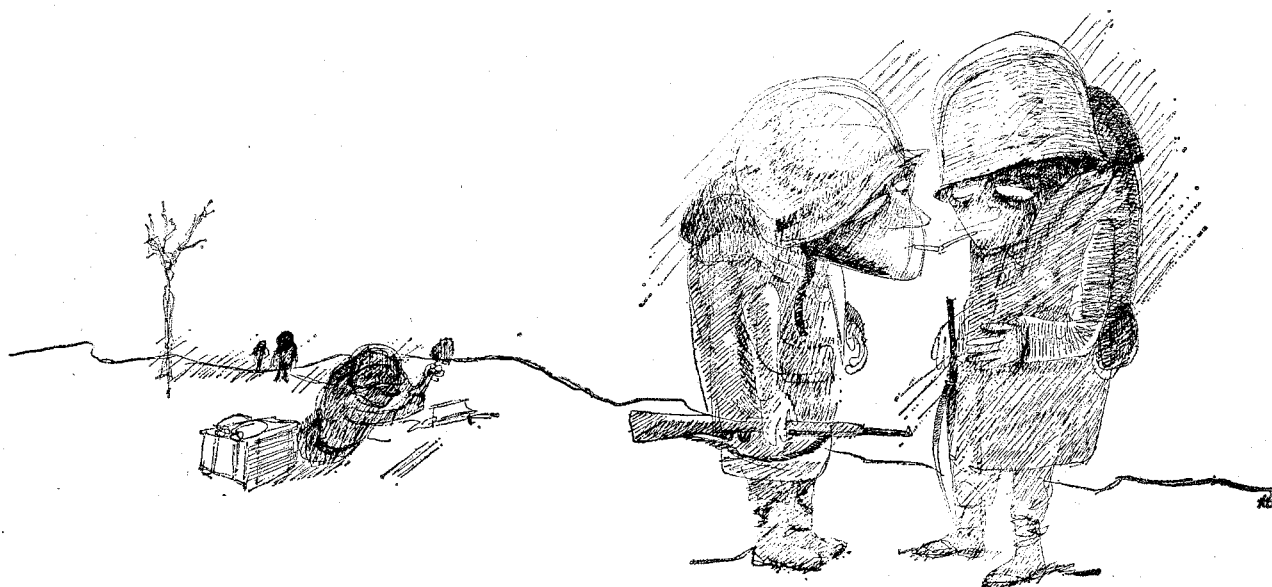
"That's progress," Lorrillard said. "At this rate the war will soon be over. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Please do," I said.

"If there are no ladies present I will go right ahead," Lorrillard said. "Are we winning the riot at home?"

"Yes."

"Then we are making progress on all fronts," Lorrillard said. "Although I understand our troops suffered a reversal in Detroit."



"I didn't want to bring that up."

"We will recoup," Lorrillard said. "That war back there could last fifty years. When we finish here we will have had excellent training for that war. I plan to bring a light tank weapon myself. Unless I am embarrassed."

"Embarrassed?"

"Killed tomorrow," Stay-With-Me said.

• • •

I did not stay with Lorrillard. I crossed the river on an Amtrac, riding next to the .50-caliber machine gun and jammed in with 100 M-16 riflemen. It was a beautiful crossing, with the beginning sun just catching the blue wide river and then hitting into the green rice paddies. Our artillery shells were bursting up ahead into the sand on the other side, sending up too perfect plumes of earth as in a lousy movie. I was not concerned about their firing at us. A column that had slipped off from us was attracting some automatic weapon fire, but not very much. I was not even concerned about one of our own shells dropping short. It seemed like a rehearsal for something else. When we reached the base of our first objective, a not too high hill, we scrambled out into bamboo cover, got our gear sorted out, and then began the climb. You have to stay off the trails because they might be booby trapped. You have to be careful, too, stepping over vines that might be a trip wire for a concealed explosive, and you must be careful that the sun does not get you when you are doing all this. But we gained the hill in forty minutes and were abruptly told by radio we were on the wrong hill, so we turned around and marched down and crawled up another one with our Phantom Jets coming in now and dropping napalm. When we got to the top of the right hill the jets were zeroing in on everything below us so that it was like standing on an island in an ocean of flames.

They had expected contact with a battalion of North Vietnamese regulars but there was no contact yet with anything but guerrillas. Meanwhile, the napalming went on around, all around. The major said the villagers had

been warned early that morning by leaflet drop to move themselves and their cattle into the open fields. I had seen no leaflet drop. In forty-five minutes the regimental commander coptered in and asked if we had seen the leaflet drop. No one had. He claimed to have seen it, but wondered if it had targeted properly.

Now the peasants were moving out into the fields of grain. Most of them rode water buffaloes. At first they seemed confused, as though not knowing how to perform in this movie of death. They rode around in giant circles. They seemed to be making a pattern of figure 8s, then bunching up, then flowering out as though hoping this would please us. Nothing pleased us. The bombing continued. The Phantom Jets came in at 5,000 feet, then peeled off and came down like a flash of lightning, leaving no place to hide. The clouds of smoke streamed over the peasants in the fields so that they would appear and reappear as black clouds and then would be all lighted up by giant fountains of napalm, so that now at once you realized what this shot was, this scene. It was a rehearsal, a news clip of the future, and the future was now and the future was ours.

"You hit? You look bad, my friend," Stay-With-Me Lorrillard said.

"Yes."

"Where?"

I pointed to my stomach.

"You be all right. You just need a salt pill."

"How did your friend Mohammed Zeppelin make out?"

"He got hit. The brother's tank was ambushed down in the valley," Lorrillard said, pointing down to the smoking and brilliant valley.

"Too bad."

"Embarrassing," Lorrillard said. "Brother Zeppelin has had two purple hearts. When you get three purple hearts you automatically go home unless you make a written request to stay on."

"Will he make that request?"

"Not very likely. He dead," Lorrillard said.

RESTAURANT WORKERS

THE THUMB IN LABOR'S SOUP

BURTON HALL

Mr. Hall has been an attorney for insurgent, rank-and-file groups in several unions, including Painters' District Council No. 9. His "Ventilating the House of Labor," on the painters' union, appeared in The Nation of July 31, 1967.

Among the former radicals who have become conservative trade union bureaucrats, Fred Ferrara, president of the 10,000-member Restaurant Employees' Local 11 in New York City, deserves a medal for gall. The lengths he went to avoid explaining to Senator McClellan's investigating subcommittee his involvement in the activities of labor "consultant" Jack McCarthy might be dismissed as just

one more dreary story. But while hiding from the subcommittee's subpoena behind a doctor's affidavit that he was a patient in St. Clare's Hospital, Ferrara was actually negotiating a truly extraordinary collective bargaining agreement. And even though the subcommittee's hearings were still going on, he slipped out of the hospital to sign the document—slipping back in again as soon as the ceremony was over.

The document in question is a contract covering some 4,000 employees of the Schrafft's restaurant chain in New York and New Jersey until October, 1969, and indefinitely thereafter. All by itself it tells much about Ferrara's regime in Local 11; but, still more important,

it offers a disturbing picture of the direction in which the bureaucratized trade union establishment is heading.

Two parts of the Schrafft's contract are especially noteworthy. One, the "discharge" section, permits the employer to fire any employee, at any time, without notice to the union or to the employee, for such causes as "gross insubordination" or "offensive language or conduct," and which permits the employer to dismiss any employee for any reason whatever upon twenty-four-hour notice to the union. The "no-strike" clause is even more startling. Its terms prohibit the employees and the union from *ever* engaging in any concerted action—whether by strike, slowdown, or mass illness or whatever—in support of any bargaining demands. Those clauses, coupled with a wage scale so low that a recent rise in New York's minimum wage requirements (which Ferrara campaigned *against*) actually lifted Schrafft's employees' wages above the contract scale, make the contract an extreme example of what Ferrara, in his days as a militant Trotskyist and activist in the Socialist Workers Party, would have denounced as a crass, corrupt betrayal of the workers.

Nowadays he boasts of such clauses. At a press conference held in the Overseas Press Club, with employer representatives conspicuously present, he promised to write the same no-strike provisions into every contract that he signs from now on. And he promptly began to make good. In November, 1966, he signed an almost identical contract with the Bickford's restaurant chain and, in June, 1967, a similar one with White Tower. (The White Tower contract adds an additional fillip: it provides that if an employee, in his rest break, steps outside the store without the superintendent's express permission, he is automatically discharged.) Ferrara's pledge suggests that employees of such chains as Riker's, Zum-Zum, Child's, Walgreen's, Patricia Murphy, Howard Johnson, Mayflower, Savarin, Stark's, Holiday House, Union News and Cobb's Corner, as well as workers in some 200 separate luncheonettes, will, when their Local 11 contracts are renewed, become bound by the provisions now in effect at Schrafft's, Bickford's and White Tower.

Ferrara's shift over the years from furious partisan of the workers' cause to the negotiator of permanent no-strike contracts in a way parallels the evolution of the trade union establishment. The "no-strike" section of the Schrafft's contract begins with some by now familiar rhetoric about "maximum harmony" and "industrial peace," about the "public interest" and "this era of enlightened labor relations," and about the "mutual and identical" aims of the employer and the union. Nothing unusual there. Such language appears much more often than formerly in many contracts. Nor is there anything unusual about the provisions which prohibit strikes during the three-year term of the contract and require that all disputes be submitted to an "impartial" arbitrator. But gently, prosaically almost, there is added to these familiar provisions a clause providing that if, at the contract's expiration, the union and the employer have failed to agree on contract renewal, "the existing agreement shall be automatically extended and the dispute shall be submitted to the arbitrator, who will render a binding de-

cision." On first reading, that may not sound like much; what it means is that the union is barred from striking *even after a contract expires*.

To make this meaning clear, the contract is specific. One provision will illustrate:

The "no-strike, no lock-out clause" will apply permanently It shall continue in full force and effect during the period of negotiations and arbitration, it being the intent of the parties that the use of the strike and work stoppage and the use of the lock-out shall be forever voluntarily surrendered as long as the parties maintain a collective bargaining relationship.

How could a labor union sign so emasculating a contract? Ferrara has so arranged it. For one thing, he has arranged the by-laws of Local 11 to permit the president to negotiate and sign collective bargaining agreements without approval of the membership. For another, although an "employees' representation committee" was around during Schrafft's negotiations, its members were not allowed to read the contract and learned of the "discharge" and "no-strike" clauses only after the contract had gone into effect. Furthermore, the relationship between Ferrara and the employer is such that the employer, prior to the signing of the contract, supplied Ferrara with the addresses of its employees, so that he could get designation cards signed and protect himself against a possible NLRB challenge. Ferrara also campaigned (unsuccessfully) to keep the New York State minimum wage requirements for the restaurant industry at the level of the agreement. And some conclusion might be drawn from the fact that J. Kenneth O'Connor, for many years counsel for Jack McCarthy, turns up as the "impartial arbitrator" of the Schrafft's contract.

For the most interesting background to the Ferrara story appears in the investigation conducted by the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the United States Senate, better known as the McClellan subcommittee, into a subject it identified as the "Labor Racketeering Activities of Jack McCarthy and the National Consultants Associated, Ltd." It was from this investi-



gation, conducting public hearings in September and October, 1966, that Ferrara was hiding when he signed the Schrafft's contract.

There was also the matter of two cleaning and waxing firms, known as Purity Maintenance Co., Inc., and Preferred Building Maintenance Co., Inc., in which until March 25, 1965, Ferrara, under the pseudonym of Fred Gladstone (his real name is Herman Gladstone), was partner along with McCarthy's brother-in-law, Joseph Maake. The subcommittee learned that Ferrara had "recommended" to employees such as the large and varied Restaurant Associates chain (Riker's, Zum-Zum, Brasserie, Trattoria), that they "retain" McCarthy as a labor consultant, then McCarthy would "recommend" that these firms hire the cleaning and waxing companies, or at least transfer large sums of money to them, or to McCarthy. And that device, as the subcommittee's report deftly puts it, "was a contributory factor in the income of Fred Ferrara, who received a total of \$36,606 from the two firms during the period 1960 to 1965."

The subcommittee got this information, for the most part, from employers. Ferrara, confined to the hospital, did not answer the subcommittee's subpoena; McCarthy and Maake pleaded the Fifth Amendment. One example of their interrogation will give the flavor: Senator Jackson questioned Maake about the money transmitted through the cleaning and waxing firms with this result:

Senator Jackson. Was this method the one utilized by Mr. Jack McCarthy to pay off Fred Ferrara as president of Local No. 11 for favorable treatment during the contract negotiations with employers that hired McCarthy as labor consultant?

Mr. Maake. I refuse to answer that question on the ground that it may tend to incriminate me.

The subcommittee turned up other matters as well. It found that the Local 11 Welfare Trust Fund had paid an average of \$46.21 per pair for eyeglasses that cost only \$6.19 per pair, thus "depleting" the fund's assets—so the New York State Insurance Department charged—by \$156,564.72 from 1960 to 1965. And it found that the fund had paid \$60,000 per year to the Amalgamated Dental Plan, Inc., a now defunct enterprise that performed no services whatever for union members except to distribute a list of "cooperating" dentists. (The "cooperating" dentists, who were not paid by the plan or by the fund, would provide the union members with free cleaning and X-rays as a "come-on"; the member himself would then be required to pay for all other dental services.)

And there was the matter of the fund's medical plan. Of the \$340,000 that the fund paid out to a certain Dr. Epstein under that plan, all that is really known is that the money was paid to Epstein. "That," according to the testimony of James J. Higgins, a supervising insurance examiner testifying for the New York Insurance Department, "is all we know about it." According to the subcommittee's published hearings:

The Chairman. He did not give that much medical service to the beneficiaries. Did he give any medical services to the beneficiaries?

Mr. Higgins. That is exactly the reason we would like to be able to examine Dr. Epstein's records. As will be brought out further on in this statement, Dr. Epstein has contended that to disclose to us or to anyone his records would disclose the doctor-patient relationship which would be unethical, illegal.

But these financial adventures—which were overseen both by employer representatives and by Ferrara's lieutenants in Local 11, all acting in their various capacities as trustees and administrator of the fund—may be only incidental to the main story of Ferrara and his collective bargaining with employers. More to the point is what happened when some of the members of Local 11



decided to bring these facts to the attention of the membership as a whole.

The "subversive plot" began early in 1967, when several members of Local 11's executive board, together with Jimmy Gleason, a Local 11 business agent, began collecting news clippings and other material concerning the McClellan subcommittee's disclosures, with a view to publishing them to the members. One of the rebels double-crossed the others and tipped Ferrara off. Whereupon Ferrara passed the word to the three still rebellious board members, through Gleason, that they had better resign; otherwise "a lot of my friends will be unhappy." The three resigned in March, 1967.

But their efforts continued. In April, Gleason was told, casually, that three men were waiting to see him in the basement of Local 11's building. Gleason went and was met by three men who, after locking the door, beat him about the head with pistols and a blackjack, sending him to the hospital. The experience didn't seem to cow Gleason. Some days later, when he was told he would suffer worse experiences if he protected the rebellious board members from being "jobbed out" of the industry, he ignored the warning. But before long, on charges that

(Continued on page 125)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Rehabilitated Experimentalist

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA.
By Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated from
the Russian by Michael Glenny. Harper
& Row. 394 pp. \$5.95.

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA.
By Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated by
Mirra Ginsburg. Grove Press. 402 pp.
\$5.95.

DONALD FANGER

The author of *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* (Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.

Begun in 1928, written over the course of the next decade, and published only last year, Bulgakov's brilliant and moving extravaganza may well be one of the major novels of the Russian 20th century. Books clearly do have their fates. For the Soviets, this one serves the main progressive tendency of art in the sixties, which seeks to reconnect with the experimental twenties and resume the unfinished work of that remarkable decade. For the Western reader, the novelty of Bulgakov's genre can only be relative after Joyce and Beckett, Nabokov, Burroughs and Mailer; yet the novelty of his achievement is absolute—comparable perhaps most readily to that of Fellini's recent work in the cinema.

To pursue the cinematic analogy for a moment, you can form some idea of what this book is like by imagining a Fellini film in which a quartet of diabolically transfigured Marx brothers romps through parts of *Doctor Zhivago* and Zoshchenko's complete works, with scenes of Christ's last days interlarded. This is highly approximate, but it does suggest something of the complexity of *The Master and Margarita*.

Rather less indirectly than Pasternak's, this is a city novel, the enormous cast of characters (largely literary and theatrical types) being united by consternation at the invasion of Moscow by the devil—who poses as a professor of black magic named Woland—and his three assistants, one of whom is a giant talking cat, a tireless prankster and expert pistol shot.

Woland appears in the first chapter, ironically interrupting a lecture on Jesus that is being delivered by a literary bureaucrat named Berlioz to a young poet, Ivan Bezdomny (Homeless). Berlioz has commissioned an anti-religious poem, and is appalled by the hastily composed result:

It was hard to say exactly what had made Bezdomny write as he had—whether it was his great talent for graphic description or complete ignorance of his subject, but his Jesus had come out . . . well, completely alive, a Jesus who had really existed, although admittedly a Jesus who had every possible fault.

Berlioz, however, wanted to prove to the poet that the main object was not who Jesus was, whether he was good or bad, but that as a person Jesus had never existed at all and that all the stories about him were mere invention, pure myth.

Berlioz, in short, is a thoroughgoing materialist; denying the reality of what he would rather not believe, he goads Woland into a refutation which involves the prediction of his imminent beheading—and at the conclusion of the conversation, a streetcar does in fact decapitate him. Ivan Bezdomny is clearly more accessible to a higher truth, though his allegiance to common sense produces some comic difficulties:

"Police?" shouted Ivan into the mouthpiece. . . . "Please arrange to send five motorcycles with sidecars, armed with machine guns to arrest the foreign professor. What? Take me with you. I'll show you where to go. . . . This is Bezdomny. I'm a poet, and I'm speaking from the lunatic asylum. . . ."

"Lunatics," lovers, and poets do learn and change, while the common people of Moscow are only dazzled, discomfited and gulled by the satanic troupe. Woland and company engage a theatre, conjure up a French *boutique*, and the ladies of Moscow scramble to exchange their old clothes for chic new outfits which dematerialize as soon as they get out on the streets (there is probably more nakedness in this single novel than in all the rest of Soviet literature put together). Money, distributed to the avid throng, turns into waste paper on the morrow. Greed for all the things of this world—reputation, success, love, comfort—is attacked through irony, satire and a triumphantly unfolding series of supernatural practical jokes.

On its satirical level, the book treats the traditional Russian theme of vulgarity by laughing at it until the laughter itself becomes fatiguing, ambivalent and grotesque. But there is more: thematically, the novel is put together like a set of Chinese boxes. A third of

the way through, in a mental hospital, the hack poet Ivan Bezdomny meets the Master, whose mysterious presence adds a new dimension to the narrative—the dimension in which art, love and religion have their being. Ivan has been taken, protesting, to the hospital; the Master, significantly, has voluntarily committed himself, rejecting the world. He is a middle-aged historian turned novelist who, after winning 100,000 rubles in the state lottery, devotes himself, an egoless Zhivago, to the twin miracles of love and art. Aided by the beautiful Margarita, whom he has met by chance in the street, he writes a novel about Pontius Pilate—which she declares to be her life—only to become the object of vicious critical attack in the press and, in a fit of depression, burns the precious manuscript.

"When I emerged into the world clutching my novel," he tells Ivan, "my life came to an end." Bulgakov's novel traces his posthumous existence, as it were—and at the end the metaphor becomes literal truth. Margarita, the exemplar of "real, true, eternal love," having found that abandoning her rich and handsome husband for the Master is not enough, agrees to become a witch and preside at Satan's ball; her reward is the liberation of herself and the Master into the eternal peace of death—that, and the reconstitution of the destroyed manuscript.

What, then, becomes of the manuscript? The answer is the key to Bulgakov's work. Echoes of Gogol, Goethe, Dostoevsky, Hoffmann and a dozen others are not hard to find, but they are internal allusions; to account for the form of the book—and its formal significance within Soviet literature—one must mention Pirandello, and the Gide of *The Counterfeiters*. Bulgakov's characters, in the common Russian phrase, are out of different operas. The story of the disruption of Moscow by Woland and company is *opéra bouffe*; the story of the Master and Margarita is lyrical opera. But there is a third and epical opera, richly staged and in a style that contrasts sharply with the styles of the other two. The setting is Jerusalem, the main subject Pontius Pilate, the main action the crucifixion of Christ.

This narrative is threaded through the whole of the book, in a series of special chapters. It first appears as Woland's eyewitness reminiscence, then as Ivan's

dream, and finally as a piece of the Master's novel. No divinity is ascribed to Jesus; the emphasis is rather on Pilate, who is intrigued by his prisoner's assertion that there are no evil people in the world, and drawn to his quiet integrity. This Jesus dies without a murmur on the cross, his only words (in a passage omitted from the version published in Russia and followed by Grove) being that cowardice is one of the worst human sins. Pilate agrees, but too late. His cowardice keeps him from preventing the execution; his anguished realization that "he would do anything to save this crazy, innocent dreamer" comes only in a dream, after the crucifixion. The remorse of this failure is his damnation.

To return now to the question of the Master's novel: By merging it with Woland's account and Ivan's dream, Bulgakov seems to be suggesting that truth subsists, timeless and intact, available to men with sufficient intuition and freedom from conventional perception. The artist's uniqueness in particular lies in his ability to accept miracle—and this ability leads him, paradoxically, to a truth devoid of miracle, a purely human truth. I am simplifying what I take to be implicit, though complex and unclear, in Bulgakov's book, but there is a clue, easily overlooked, that would seem to support this interpretation. When the Master first appears to tell Ivan his story, Margarita is waiting "impatiently for the promised final words about the fifth Procurator of Judea, reading out in a loud singsong random sentences that pleased her and saying that the novel was her life." Now, Bulgakov's own novel ends precisely with the phrase about "the cruel Procurator of Judea, fifth in that office, the knight Pontius Pilate." Is the novel we read then, to be identified with the Master's?

The answer is clearly (but not simply) yes. The perspectives turn out to be reversible. Bulgakov's novel had appeared to include a piece at least of the Master's; now at the end it appears that the Master's novel has enlarged to include Bulgakov's. The baffling correspondences, in any event, make the case for mystery, and the heart of mystery is transfiguration—*quod erat demonstrandum*. Margarita's faith in the Master's art is thus justified in ways which she could not have anticipated—and becomes a symbol of Bulgakov's similar faith in his own work. The Master's novel is Margarita's life in one sense as Bulgakov's novel is in another.

The Master and Margarita has been the literary sensation of the year in Russia for reasons that go beyond its brilliant experimentalism. What it gives the contemporary reader there, for

all the obvious differences, is something of what *Doctor Zhivago* will when it is finally published—but without the red herring of political disputability. It is a plea for spiritual life without dogmatic theology, for individual integrity based on an awareness of the irreducible mystery of human life. It bespeaks sympathy for the inevitably lonely and misunderstood artist; it opposes to Philistinism not good citizenship but renunciation.

A large portion of the Russian intelligentsia today is in search of just such spiritual fare. It seeks to restore the category or religiosity, which it respects and needs, while rejecting the conventional religious forms of the past. It believes—not in God, but in belief. At one point near the end, Woland has this significant exchange with the Master:

"You believe in me, I hope?"

"I must . . . although I would much prefer it if I could regard you as a figment of my own hallucination. Forgive me," added the Master, recollecting himself.

"By all means regard me as such if that makes you any happier," replied Woland politely.

Whether the devil be regarded as fact or symbol is less important than that he be regarded. Back in the everyday world after her experience as a witch at Satan's ball, Margarita finds that her experience with Woland has done her no psychological harm—because, clearly, she has accepted it fully. Ivan, by comparison, believes at the end of the novel "that as a young man he fell victim to some crooked hypnotists, went to the hospital and was cured. But he knows that there is still something that is be-

yond his control." Each year the spring moon plunges him into dreams of a super-reality he cannot credit.

Woland, the devil, is the main representative of that super-reality in Bulgakov's novel. Christ is purely the son of man; there is no Father. Yet the context of the whole work suggests that the epigraph from *Faust*, in which Mephistopheles identifies himself, is to be taken without irony here: "That Power I serve/Which wills forever evil/Yet does forever good."

Both the Harper (Michael Glenny) and Grove (Mirra Ginsburg) translations read well; on balance, their respective virtues and deficiencies probably cancel each other out. But the Glenny version is based on a fuller text (some 23,000 words fuller, according to the publisher), while Ginsburg has followed the version published in the Soviet magazine, *Moskva*. The fuller version is not necessarily, from the literary standpoint, the better one. It does, to be sure, give somewhat more emphasis to the theme of cowardice, and restores a number of remarks, apparently deleted by the Soviet editors, such as "Remove the document and you remove the man." On the other hand, one could make a good case for cutting (as the *Moskva* version does) a number of tedious passages. The Grove edition contains a brief Translator's Note, sketching Bulgakov's career and stating—apparently erroneously—that "the editors (of *Moskva*) chose to publish the novel as Bulgakov left it." Too bad that the Harper editors say nothing about the history of the manuscript they used; that is one mystery we could have done without.

The Crime Against Pasternak

THE POEMS OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Eugene M. Kayden. Drawings by Bill Greer. Hallmark Editions. 62 pp. \$2.50.

SISTER MY LIFE. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Philip C. Flayderman. Washington Square Press. Bilingual edition. 170 pp. \$4.95.

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of *Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art* (University of California Press).

Boris Pasternak began writing poetry during the heyday of Russian Futurism. His earliest published poetry reflects the devices typical of that move-

ment: sudden shifts and compressions of meaning, emphasis on the phonetic and the lexical aspects of the poetic craft. Above all, it exploits the syntactic ellipses frequently found in Russian colloquial speech.

While a few of the poems in Pasternak's first two collections of verse can be seen as unnecessarily obscure, he managed to bring his elliptic manner under beautiful control in his third volume of verse, *My Sister, Life* (within the context of the poem from which the title is quoted it can also be understood as *Life Is My Sister*). Written during the revolutionary summer of 1917, this volume of love lyrics and nature evocations is the book in which Pasternak's startling originality and awesome stature as a poet become ful-

ly manifest for the first time. The rest of Pasternak's poetic career represents the slow progress from the complex sound organization and elliptic suggestivity of the *Sister* toward the simple and explicit diction of his last poems. The simplicity of the later Pasternak style is in a way as deceptive as the apparent complexity of his earlier work. Both the early and the late poems are verbal structures organized with endless care, but at the end of his life he no longer needed the dazzling sounds and colors and the shifting planes in which he had couched his tempestuously exuberant early poetry.

The culmination of his later artful simplicity is reached in the cycle of poems that make up the final chapter of his novel, *Doctor Zhivago*. It must be remembered, however, that these poems are intended as poetic utterances of the fictitious poet Yuri Zhivago, and that Pasternak is expressing himself in these poems as it were under a mask. The *Zhivago* poems have attracted numerous translators, all of whom have so far managed to reproduce the literal meaning of the poems and failed to convey the particular homely magic of Pasternak's originals. This is also more or less the case with Eugene M. Kayden's small selection of *Zhivago* poems, published by the Hallmark card people in a very pretty little volume with a technicolor jacket from the MGM movie. The accompanying drawings by Bill Greer are rather sweet, the translations of the poems correct and uninspired and, in general, one could do worse by way of an inexpensive present for some kindly old lady.

Phillip C. Flayderman's *Sister My Life* (this version of the title follows the word order of the Russian but thoroughly obscures its meaning) is something altogether different. There is some attempt here to preserve the metrical pattern, but almost none to convey in English the rich sonorities and the verbal fireworks of Pasternak's most adventurous and experimental book. It can therefore be concluded that what the translator is aiming for above all is textual fidelity. But even a hasty comparison of his English renditions with the Russian originals, helpfully printed across the page, reveals to what an amazing extent this translator is unable to understand plain Russian, to say nothing of coping with Pasternak's difficult and elliptic poetry.

Here is a literal translation of the first and the last stanzas of one of the most famous poems of the collection, "Out of Superstition," with Pasternak's elliptic implications filled out in brackets: "My tiny room is a box of red kumquats. But then we can't keep soiling [our love] in [overnight] hotel

rooms until death (lit. until the coffin), until the morgue! [. . .] Why, the very idea—you are no vestal virgin: you entered with a chair, picked up my life [like a book] from the shelf and dusted it off."

Flayderman's rendition: "My hotel room is like a box of russet Bitter oranges./O, be careful, do not get soiled as you go/Coffined to the morgue. [. . .] It is a sin to think you are not a vestal virgin/You walked in with a chair,/Handed me life from the shelf,/And blew the dust away."

The entire volume irresistibly reminds one of that hoary anecdote about the foreign traveler who, seeing the inscription "Look Out!" from the train window, stuck his head out and had his face bashed in by a tunnel. Flayderman knows many (though not all) of the words Pasternak uses, but much of the time he has no idea what they add up to. "Ganges dreams of them" becomes "They dream of Ganges." "Dawn, like a cold viper, crawls into the pits" is rendered as "With merciless envy, dawn crawls/Into their holes" (the noun *ekhidna*, "viper," confused with the adjective *ekhidnyi*, "sarcastic," grammatically impossible in the context, and the attributive "their" gratuitously and meaninglessly added). "I would not even disdain using an unprintable word [:] but against whom could we lodge a complaint?" is the intriguing opening of Pasternak's poem, "To Elena." "I would not take umbrage/Over an unprinted word./Where can one search?" is the closest Flayderman can come to conveying these three lines in English. And so it goes in poem after poem.

Russian words are looked up in a dictionary and wrong entries chosen. Verbatim renditions of idioms (which obviously pass unrecognized as such) are the rule: "How many summers, how many winters," the Russian equivalent of "Haven't seen you in ages!" is translated faithfully as "How many years! How many winters!" When the poet's beloved stares at the ceiling, refusing to speak to him (the idiomatic Russian "as if her mouth were filled with water" is roughly the equivalent of "has the cat got her tongue?"), Flayderman thinks Pasternak says "How your mouth watered."

The height of mayhem is committed by the translator on the longest poem of the collection, the untitled one which begins with the line, "How soporific life is! (Flayderman: "How sleepy life is . . ."). This is one of Pasternak's loveliest and most profound early poems, with its thrice repeated refrain wherein the poet confesses that he was sent by God to torment "those whom it is a sin to torment" (Flayderman:

"those/Who are tormented by sin"). Almost everything in this 4-page poem is misread and misunderstood by the translator. At one point, the poet is on the train that is taking him away from his love. He looks out of the train window at all the objects that seem to be rushing backward and thus toward the girl he left behind. The poet wonders whether the high noon, personified as a railroad station thief and loiterer, is at that very moment observing the girl: "watching from the neighbouring cherry trees the angel at [her] embroidering." Flayderman's reading: "Looking for angel embroideries/In his neighbour's cherries." The poet imagines the willows he sees out of the train window rushing to a reunion with the girl: "Will they get there during the night, inhale aromas from the porch and fling themselves headlong into household chores with [or, possibly, like] the waving of towels? Will they see the shadow of the nut tree on the stone foundation?" Baffled by the imagery, confusing *kryl'tso*, "porch" with *krylo*, "wing," mistaking almost every verb for some other similar sounding one, not even understanding that all the "they" forms refer to the animated trees of the poet's fantasy, Pasternak's translator comes up with an almost meaningless patchwork of guesses: "Will they last the night?/Will essences breathe life from the wings?/And will they give up trying to make do/With the gusts of hand towels?/Will people see the hazel-bush shadow/On stone foundation?"

How could this translator possibly hope to convey the tone, the style, or the subtler shadings of meanings of Pasternak's poetry when it is so painfully clear that he cannot tell the subject of the sentence from the direct object, does not understand Russian cases, prepositions, verbal aspects, and just about every other form that the language uses for conveying meaning? A man in this kind of predicament could conceivably be advised to take a Berlitz course in Russian. Instead, he is allowed to butcher one of the loveliest books of modern Russian poetry, to print his own wild guesses across the page from Pasternak's originals, and then to issue the entire unbelievable mess under a very handsome cover, to be sold at all bookstores under Boris Pasternak's name for \$4.95.

Some of the translations of modern Russian literature that have appeared in America in the last two years are unprecedented and unparalleled in any other literature or country for sheer incompetence and sloppiness. Anselm Hollo's Voznesensky, Herbert Marshall's Mayakovsky, the selection of Russian Formalist criticism translated by Lee T. Lemon and Marion J. Reis (University of Oklahoma Press), and now Flay-

derman's Pasternak are all examples of important and complex texts translated into English with the aid of guesswork by people who are unable to read and understand Russian with any degree of fluency. Flayderman's opus appears in an ambitious series, published by the Washington Square Press and edited by Robert Payne (whose enthusiastic but freewheeling, simplistic, and often wildly uninformed introduction to the Pasternak volume casts serious doubts on his ability to judge the quality of translations). Announced in the same series is a number of major works of Russian literature, "all in new and definitive translations." Judging from Pasternak's *Sister* and the other volume of the same series, Chekhov's *The Island of Sakhalin*, translated by Luba and Michael Terpak, who somehow managed to riddle every page of that direct and lucidly written study with unimaginable mistranslations and howlers, these "definitive translations" are hitting the absolute low point in the current flood of irresponsible and

incompetent translations from the Russian.

In most other fields there would be some way of protecting the public from a product so obviously shoddy. Because of the lack of copyright agreements, modern Russian literature unfortunately came to be regarded by many publishers as a free poaching ground. There simply must be some way of reaching those publishers' consciences. There exists now in this country the National Translation Center in Austin, Tex., which has apparently solved the problem of judging the quality of literary translations competently and impartially. It probably would be willing to share its methods and its experience with publishing houses. Or is it too much to hope that American publishers will submit such unbelievable translations as we have been getting lately to someone somewhere who reads Russian and understands literature before rushing them into print and offering them in attractive packages to the defenseless American public?

volume, "A Provincial Tale," appeared in 1913 and, attracting widespread attention in pre-revolutionary Russia, launched Zamyatin's career as a writer. Akin to the later stories on Soviet Russia, it satirizes the *meschanstvo*—the smug provincialism and narrow Philistinism—of Old Russia. "The Lion," a short comic anecdote which ends the volume, was written while he was in exile in Paris and is less a criticism of Soviet life than a portrayal of the pathos of a simple Russian.

Among Soviet writers, Zamyatin is a master in alloying fantasy with realism. His style is often elliptical, in narrative technique frequently multi-planar and broken; usually it is controlled by recurring visual images, D. S. Mirsky's "mother images." *We*, of course, is written in this manner, and with these stories available, English-speaking readers will better understand that significant novel.

"A Story About the Most Important Thing"—a favorite of Zamyatin's and surely his best work after *We*—appears in *The Dragon* and illustrates his technique at its most complex. The action takes place simultaneously on three levels: a grub in a lilac bush is dying into a cocoon to be born again as a butterfly; the men of a Russian village are killing one another in the Civil War; and on a dark planet, headed for collision with the earth, the last inhabitants are dying from lack of air. The cosmic perspective underlines the futility of the Civil War.

In another story, "The Cave," the image is that of the inhabitants of frozen Petrograd as primitive cave dwellers, worshipping their god, the iron-bellied wood stove; and describes the failure of the intellectual, Martin Martynych, to transform himself into a ruthless savage able to survive those tragic days.

"The Dragon" is a story of a militiaman who dispatches "non-stop to the heavenly kingdom" an enemy of the revolution—an intellectual—and then turns to nursing a frozen starling. The militiaman's dehumanization is brilliantly caught by the image of him as a red-pawed dragon belching white puffs of smoke in the ice-locked air.

Katayev's *The Holy Well* is quite recent, having first appeared in the liberal *Novy Mir* in May, 1966. Something of Zamyatin's mixture of fantasy and realism and also his satire characterize this novel, and it has appealed to the youth of what Ernest J. Simmons has called the "Soviet New Left," who "discuss guardedly among themselves the striking proposition in the notorious contraband article of Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky)." "Right now," Sinyavsky wrote, "I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the

Satiric Fantasies

THE DRAGON. By Yevgeny Zamyatin. Translated and edited by Mirra Ginsburg. Random House. 291 pp. \$5.95.

THE HOLY WELL. By Valentin Kataev. Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward and Harold Shukman. Walker & Co. 160 pp. \$4.95.

MARK R. HILLEGAS

Mr. Hillegas is professor of English at Southern Illinois University and author of *The Future as Nightmare: H. G. Wells and the Anti-Utopians* (Oxford University Press).

Anyone who is acquainted with Yevgeny Zamyatin's writings—notably his science-fantasy novel, *We* (precursor of *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*), and his essay, "On Literature, Revolution, and Entropy"—will remember his allegiance to the concept of infinite revolution incited by the artist-heretic, who is the "only (bitter-tasting) remedy for the entropy of human thought." Zamyatin (a Soviet critic called him the man furthest Left in Russia) was himself such a heretic; and early in the first Five Year Plan, he and Pilnyak were made scapegoats in the RAPP attack on writers who refused to accept literature as an instrument of the state. Pilnyak abjectly recanted, but Zamyatin stood firm, and, in a courageous letter (reprinted in *The Dragon*), asked Stalin for permission to emigrate to the West. By some miracle, he was allowed to leave and traveled to Paris in 1931, where

he died a lonely exile six years later.

Valentin Katayev, likewise born before the revolution, has managed to survive, in spite of attacks by both Stalin and Khrushchev (he refers to the latter in *The Holy Well* as a "world-famous Russian eccentric"). Not only is he one of the least tainted with compromise of those of his generation still alive but he is also an accomplished writer: two of his novels, *The Embezzlers* and *Lone White Sail*, and a play, *Squaring the Circle*, are Soviet classics. From 1946-62, he was editor of the liberal monthly, *Yunost* (Youth), and published new writers like Yevtushenko.

Extraordinarily fascinating are the rough similarities between some of Zamyatin's stories in *The Dragon* and Katayev's *The Holy Well*: both writers are satirists, scornful of the need to conform, and both have mixed fantasy with realism. Zamyatin had a considerable influence on young writers in the twenties (Katayev is Zamyatin's junior by thirteen years); and it is possible he may continue to influence the literary underground.

All but two of Zamyatin's stories in *The Dragon* (others have yet to appear in English) were written between the revolution and his departure from Russia. Many, though not all, of the stories from this period in *The Dragon* attack the stupid regimentation and cruelty of the Soviet regime. But the first story in the

grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life."

Katayev's beautiful novel is a surrealistic dream, suggestive of a Fellini film, that takes place while the narrator, during surgery, lies unconscious under deep anesthetic. In this dream, Katayev reviews his life, from the NEP period of the twenties to his visit to America in 1962, in a series of lyrical images. Many of the personal allusions are obscure to us in the West, but every reader will understand Katayev's oblique references to his agony as an artist of integrity under pressures to conform—thus, the fantastic symbol of the talking cat, who dies trying to pronounce the Russian word "neo-colonialism."

The longest sequence of the dream deals with his visit to America, and here Katayev's criticisms are less guarded. He is fascinated by America and admires it, but sees that it has taken the

"path of Rome rather than Athens." There are particularly effective sections about New York and a visit to Houston, where he stays in the push-button paradise of the Sheraton Hotel and talks, at a party, with a culture-hungry oil widow.

Katayev's satire cuts several ways, as in his conversation with the Texas widow: "And then she was thrilled as a child and even clapped her hands when I told her that I was the founder of a completely new literary school called *mauvisme* (from the French word for "bad"), the main point of which is that, since everybody writes so well nowadays, one must write badly, as badly as possible, and only then will one attract attention." *Mauvisme* is Katayev's ironic reply to the conservative critics who attacked, not only the ideology but the literary quality of his work as editor of *Yunost*. Like Zamyatin, he is a writer of courage and integrity.

The Fear Years

MEMOIRS: The Post-War Years: 1945-1954. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated by Tatiana Shebunina in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp. The World Publishing Co. 349 pp. \$6.50.

JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND. By Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg. Translated by Paul Stevenson and Max Hayward. Harcourt, Brace & World. 418 pp. \$6.95.

THE DESERTED HOUSE. By Lydia Chukovskaya. Translated by Aline B. Werth. E.P. Dutton & Co. 144 pp. \$3.95.

HELEN YGLESIAS

It is to the Russians themselves that we must look for real illumination about the terror, and it is a help that more and more descriptions of their experiences are being published. Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* appeared in his own country as well as outside; but Lydia Chukovskaya's novel about the purge, and Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg's memoir of the first three of her eighteen years spent in Soviet prisons and labor camps has not yet been published there. The expressed reason was that it would be of no service to the country to dwell any longer on the period of the purges. Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and a few others, were considered sufficiently to have covered the topic.

Yet in spite of official refusal to publish *Journey Into The Whirlwind* and *The Deserted House*, there has been no stated disapproval of their publication

abroad, and both authors continue to be active in Russian intellectual circles. Mrs. Ginzburg is the wife of a high official of the Soviet Communist Party and mother of a well-known novelist, Vasily Aksyonov. She is engaged in educational work. Her memoirs (like other out-of-favor works) are passed around in typewritten form in Moscow, where she now lives.

The author of *The Deserted House* has not only survived its publication abroad but also the circulation of an open letter to Sholokhov castigating him for his brutally stupid statements on Sinyavsky and Daniel. Lydia Chukovskaya's father, Kornei Chukovsky, is a respected literary scholar and translator and, at 85, is still the Soviet Union's best loved author of children's verses. Chukovskaya is herself a distinguished writer and critic with many books published in the Soviet Union.

The key to their situation seems to be ambiguity, a state of being exemplified by the latest volume of Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*. The facts of his life are well known. If some of his stories produce mixed feelings in his readers, it is apparently discomfort he shares. Like Pasternak, Ehrenburg could quote *Othello* in calling attention to his service to the state, but unlike Pasternak, Ehrenburg's services were sometimes better for Stalin than for Russia. At the end of his life, with death right ahead of him and nothing to lose, he longs to make everything clear about his feeling for the horrors and beauties of the two worlds between which he divided himself—Russia and the West. If he cannot,

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It is because he really understands little more about the interaction of those worlds than does Stalin's daughter. Finally, he has come no closer to a comprehension of the terror which destroyed so many of his contemporaries or the reasons for his own survival than he did in the earlier volumes: "I myself would gladly listen to the wise men capable of answering the questions that still harass me."

He disclaims any intent to write a history of the epoch following the Second World War, but in describing his work in the peace movement, touches on many of the personalities and events. As if in a school pageant, great figures of the world come forward, bow, and retire. One is reminded of Hollywood's helpless attempts to film the intellectual life. His account is not quite on the level of "Mr. Joliot-Curie, please meet Mr. Pablo Picasso," but its surface is as smooth and thin as a good veneer. One is affected by his generous enthusiasms, and reads with interest because of the extraordinary caliber of his friends, all aligned in some way with the Communist movement or the world peace movement: Picasso, Bernal, Jorge Amado, Luis Aragon, Brecht, Rafael Alberti, Nicolas Guillen, Joliot-Curie, Mazim Hikmet, Pablo Neruda, Fadayevev.

Ehrenburg can be moving about friends at home who were not as lucky as he, though his sentimentality is disquieting and disturbs any attempt to maintain a balance of belief in favor of

his moral courage. He faces directly, at one point, the charge that he betrayed others:

Several years later, a journalist in Israel came out with some sensational disclosures. He said that while in prison he had met the poet Feffer who, he alleged, had told him that I was responsible for the arrest of the Jewish writers. This calumny was taken up by several Western papers. Their single-minded line of reasoning was: "He has survived, so he must be a traitor."

I at least decline to rate him on these fearful scores. Memoirs are not confessions, and it is as empty an exercise to scold Ehrenburg for lack of honesty as for insufficient political intelligence or literary genius. The *Memoirs* have real interest; no one studying the cultural history of the Soviet Union can pass them by, whether or not they fail to answer the tormenting question: Did there *have* to be a terror? For that matter, he doesn't think to ask.

Ehrenburg's target seems to have been the Western reader as much as the Russian. This may not have been the aim of Chukovskaya or Mrs. Ginzburg; but the action of their government has given them no choice but to talk to those outside Russia. The situation produces a special appeal to listen with care.

Lydia Chukovskaya wrote her novel in 1939, hid it and brought it out again after the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, when it was refused publication. It has been widely published in other countries. In its English translation, it is a realistic and wholly believable horror story of the destruction of a loyal Soviet citizen and her son. When, in the final pages of the novel, the widow burns a request from her son to help him appeal his imprisonment, the reader has been so successfully borne along into a nightmare world as to concur in the inevitability of her monstrous act. *The Deserted House* has been compared to *One Day in the Life*; but, without denigrating its considerable artistry, it does not have the wonderfully Russian strength of Solzhenitsyn's small and powerful work. But to say that Chukovskaya's novella is a minor product of a literature which claims among other "minor" masterpieces Goncharov's *Oblomov* and Andreyev's *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, is no small praise.

Mrs. Ginzburg's memoirs, *Journey Into the Whirlwind*, recounts her own experiences under the terror and is therefore a plainer but stronger work than *The Deserted House*. Like the widow in Chukovskaya's novella, Mrs. Ginzburg was an active, loyal Communist, and she and her family were torn

to pieces in the purge. But what is specifically valuable in her story, because specifically Russian, is her explanation of how the insanity engulfs her and how, once caught, she does not allow herself to be destroyed. Its powerful detail adds substance to what has become a literary and political cliché, but from which we still have much to learn: the horror of the Stalinist system and the endurance of the Russian people. Besides being a beautiful lesson in the human capacity to withstand and overcome, Mrs. Ginzburg's book is full of enlightening moments, some of which lend themselves to speculative analogies.

Her book opens with the Kirov assassination. The demons which pursue her for more than twenty years of accusation, illegal trials, sentencings and imprisonment were sprung from the supposed deadly insult Kirov's death was to the Soviet state. Appealing to the passionate response of its most idealistic citizens, the regime bled its ardent supporters and devoured its children in their name. It went about its work in the old sloppy czarist tradition, too, using the old jails, the old beatings, interrogations, solitary cells, punishments, demands for self-accusation and the naming of others, exile and the work camps and death. It is as if we were to imagine a Socialist U.S., fifteen years after a revolutionary victory, in which an important revolutionary Negro leader is assassinated in, say, Atlanta. A purge is initiated and directed not against resisters to the new order but against activists of CORE, SNCC and the SCLC, basing proof of disloyalty on, let us say, whether or not one had attacked Martin Luther King during the revolutionary take-over, and using as the organs of detection and punishment the machinery of prerevolutionary anti-Negro Southern justice: jailings, beatings, sweatboxes, chain gangs, police roundups of whole communities with dogs and cattle prods, lynchings, etc., while the rest of the country goes about its business, terrified and grieving, but obedient, unquestioning and astonishingly productive.

It is this falling back on archaic oppressive institutions which shocks the most, next perhaps to the failure of the people to stop it. It would seem that the Soviet people would be most eager to comprehend the nature of these shocks; and that far from more discussion of the terror being redundant, what is specifically needed are innumerable detailed studies and analyses of the subject (many more works of the kind are refused publication). Within this discussion, everything might be asked and answered: questions having to do with economic and social justice; whether it is possible to house new equalitarian laws in the old structures; definitions of oppositions and how they

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Book Marks

STALIN: A Political Biography. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 661 pp. \$12.50. Paper \$2.95.

A new edition of what is considered to be the definitive life of Stalin, first published in 1949. Fresh material includes an introduction to the 1961 printing, plus a new preface and an extensive closing chapter dealing with Stalin's last years.

THE YOUNG STALIN: The Early Years of an Elusive Revolutionary. By Edward Ellis Smith. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 470 pp. \$8.50.

Describing the years from Stalin's birth in 1879 to his appointment by Lenin as a commissar in 1917, the author argues that Stalin was a secret agent for the Czarist secret police when he was a young revolutionary. The case, however, is not persuasively proven.

STALIN: AN APPRAISAL OF THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Leon Trotsky. Edited and translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Introduction by Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein and Day. 516 pp. \$10.

A new edition of a work originally published in 1946 and out of print in English for some time. The all-embracing anti-Communist view taken by Bertram D. Wolfe in his introduction is the object of a letter of protest which was circulated by Esteban Volkov, Trotsky's grandson and literary heir.

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD. By John Reed. With an introduction by John Howard Lawson. International Publishers. 395 pp. \$5.95. Paper \$1.95.

A new issue of a classic of American journalism.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. Introduction by Joshua Kunitz. Monthly Review Press. 311 pp. \$12.50.

A new edition of another eyewitness account of the Bolshevik Revolution, including photographs, color posters and

proclamations. Kunitz's introduction adds a fascinating portrait of the American author; but for the economy-minded it should be pointed out that an edition similar in every way except for the introduction has been published in the Soviet Union and can be bought for \$1.85 at the Four Continent Bookshop.

THE SOVIET ACHIEVEMENT. By J. P. Nettl. Harcourt, Brace & World. 288 pp. \$6.95.

One of the best short histories of the Soviet Union, and an excellent introduction to the nature of Soviet society and the forces at work behind the political façade. There is a good deal of attractive illustration—cartoons, news photos, art objects, portraits of leading Soviet personalities—much of it in color.

THE SOVIET UNION: THE FIFTY YEARS. Edited by Harrison E. Salisbury. Harcourt, Brace & World. Illustrated with photographs. 484 pp. \$10.

The *New York Times* series written for the 50th Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, in book form.

UNOFFICIAL ART IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Paul Sjeklocha and Igor Mead. University of California Press. Illustrated in color and black and white. 213 pp. \$15.

Biographical and stylistic accounts of a number of Soviet graphic artists, painters and sculptors working outside the official Socialist-realist style; well illustrated.

THE IMPACT OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917-1967: The Influence of Bolshevism on the World Outside Russia. By the Royal Institute of International Affairs (England). Oxford University Press. 357 pp. \$7.50.

A collection of disparate pieces by Arnold J. Toynbee, Neil McInnes, Hugh Seton-Watson, Peter Wiles and Richard Lowenthal. Though each essay contains material of merit, together they add up to a pointless book.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS: Soviet Russia 1917-67. By Ian Grey. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Coward-McCann. 558 pp. \$10.

Another competent history of the Soviet Union, much longer than the one by Mr. Nettl and more conventional in its point of view. The illustrations are mainly close-up photographs of Soviet leaders.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION: Its Impact on American Radicals, Liberals, and Labor. A Documentary Study by

Philip S. Foner. International Publishers. 304 pp. \$6.95.

A collection of favorable responses from trade unions, periodicals and organizations to the first three years of the revolution; illustrated with cartoons.

THE VIEW FROM LENIN HILLS: An American Student's Report on Soviet Youth in Ferment. By William Taubman. Coward-McCann. 249 pp. \$5.50.

A lively, superficial first-hand report. Designed for young readers and others.

THE POLITICS OF IDEAS IN THE U.S.S.R. Edited by Robert Conquest. Frederick A. Praeger. 176 pp. \$5.25.

Though this is an efficient compilation of facts tracing the development of the organs of ideological control in the Soviet Union, the material is presented with a one-sided hostility whose intent is apparently more to discredit the regime to "Western" minds than to inform.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA!: As Reported by the New York Tribune and the New York Herald, 1894-1921. Edited by Edward W. Pearlstien. The Viking Press. 297 pp. \$10.

A collection of newspaper articles of the time of the Russian Revolution (with a connective narrative by Mr. Pearlstien) but limited to news items which appeared in the *Tribune* and *Herald*. The illustrations have been assembled from various sources.

A PORTRAIT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. Text by Laurens Van Der Post. Photographs by Burt Glinn. William Morrow & Co. 175 pp. \$12.50.

Essentially nothing new is turned up in this pleasant, readable record of a contemporary journey throughout the USSR. The photographs are handsome.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM IN THE AGE OF LENIN: A Documentary History. By Helmut Gruber. Cornell University Press. 512 pp. \$7.50. Fawcett Books. 512 pp. 95c paper.

Mr. Gruber's unusual book happily devotes more space to actual documents of the period than to the somewhat uneven interpretive essays which follow them. The documents range from Lenin's first major exposition of the Bolshevik position in "What Is To Be Done?" through the battles over strategy that took place in the Comintern after the end of World War I, to Zinoviev's speech in 1923 that announced the end of the Comintern's expectations for world revolution. Mr. Gruber's personal contributions are scholarly, sympathetic and informative.

THE NATION/January 22, 1968

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

On the many occasions when I have referred to organizations that exemplify "true Theatre" I have had to turn either to the past or to foreign instances. Today I am pleased to note that the recently established Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks Playhouse is, or may well become, a true Theatre. Its small permanent company has worked together in training and in performance before the rehearsals of its present and first production. It has a determined policy, its spirit is fervid, its announced choice of plays testifies to the nature and direction of its goals.

The Ensemble will offer four productions in its 1968-69 season, beginning with the current *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey* by Peter Weiss. Though not a conventional "play," but a social tract in a sort of cantata form with passages spoken by individuals and in chorus, dramatic interludes, sound effects, songs and interjections of straightforward information, its performance by five men, four women and four musicians creates in the end a stirring evening.

Neither the text nor the direction is

"Brechtian." Brecht is a dramatist, and in this case Peter Weiss does not propose drama in the accepted sense. He has written a recital of facts concerning the Portuguese colonies (mainly Angola), written them in prose and verse which finally impose themselves by the sheer force of their factuality. Weiss's "argument," I am glad to say, is one-sided. One cannot and should not have any doubts about the barbarous cruelty and injustice of the Portuguese presence in Africa or for that matter, about any domination of one people by another. The indictment is not merely against a particular government; Weiss makes it abundantly clear that all governments, or at least all vested interests (industries, banks and certain capitalists) which are influential in their respective countries, are guilty. Ultimately we ourselves are to blame.

I doubt that the strong effect would be achieved—though the argument might still be convincing—if Weiss's text were only read. It is created by the powerful voices, the immense personal dedication of the Negro Ensemble acting company.

it is through the actors as a unit—attractive women, men strikingly virile—that the performance becomes theatre. And this acclaim should extend to the musicians and the designer, Edward Burbridge, who has made a set which resembles a tribal totem pole, modern in the vein of the new sculpture, both savage and funny. Michael Schultz has directed to give variety and tang to what may have appeared heavily static on the page. The entire evening is a statement of real force and makes me look forward to the Ensemble's next production, a play by Wole Soyinka who is more truly a poet and dramatist than is Weiss.

Man for man, the actors in the production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center may be superior to those of the Negro Ensemble, but the production, though by no means bad, is not of one piece. John Hirsch's direction is knowing—he understands, and generally speaking conveys, the intention of each scene and personage—yet I came from the production with little better than a reminder of what a good play *Saint Joan* is. It still "holds up"!

Shaw wrote wittier plays, but hardly any in which his temperament and the

RESTAURANT WORKERS (Continued from page 116)

he had missed staff meetings in 1965 or 1966, and had failed to collect initiation fees from employees (which, as an unbonded officer, he was not permitted to do), and for other imaginary or trivial offenses, Gleason was removed as business agent and, months later, expelled from the union by a Ferrara-appointed trial committee. Meanwhile, two rebel stewards were removed, the first victims in what appears to be a long-planned purge of militant stewards.

In September, 1967, before Gleason's expulsion, the rebels distributed to some of the Local 11 restaurants a leaflet reporting the McClellan subcommittee's findings and urging members to "clean up Local 11." It was just prior to one of Local 11's quarterly membership meetings and, as a result, nearly 1,000 members came to the meeting, demanding to know what was going on. Family matters kept Gleason from the meeting, and the rebels concentrated in the Walgreen's chain were told by the company, a few days before, that they must remain on their jobs until 4 P.M., thus virtually barring them from the meeting which began at 3 o'clock. Ferrara, in the chair, allowed no discussion at all. And when the rebels from Walgreen's arrived shortly after, he hastily adjourned the meeting. But several of the Walgreen people, including former board members Joe Donnelly and Mary Flynn, jumped onto chairs and harangued the members. And that is how one of the newest and liveliest rank-and-file rebel movements began.

At the meeting, Ferrara's lieutenants distributed a leaflet in which he and they were "proud to report, with-

out any qualification" that everything in the rebels' leaflet was a lie: "there is absolutely not one single charge of any description now pending or ever made in the past, by any agency, against any officer of Local 11." A few days later the rebels countered with a mimeographed leaflet pointing out that, at that very moment, hearings were going on in the New York State Insurance Department on the department's charges against the fund's fourteen trustees, seven of whom are Local 11 officials, and against the fund's administrator, a Local 11 business agent, alleging fund depletion. They added the news that the McClellan subcommittee had found the administrator (and business agent) "guilty of gross irregularities and improprieties" and of "a complete disregard of the fiduciary responsibilities of [his] office," and recommended that he "should be summarily removed."

These are only the opening guns in what promises to be a bitterly fought battle between Ferrara's regime and the insurgent rank-and-filers. The battle is long overdue and its outcome is unclear. It is apparent, however, that the parent international, the Hotel & Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union, AFL-CIO, stands stoutly behind Ferrara; the members' appeals to the general president and general executive board have fallen on deaf ears. That was only to be expected—nowadays, when workers fight for democratic unionism, they almost invariably find themselves fighting not only against the employers but against the bureaucratic powers of the trade union establishment. It makes their struggle that much harder, and that much more urgent.

material furnished him by history were so happily conjoined. In *Saint Joan* Shaw revealed something of the child that was in him, for all his cleverness and intellectual capacities, together with the tremendously earnest, understanding and honest puritan he was. The puckish, shrewd and yet somehow "artless" child in Shaw contributes as much as do his ideas to converting his forensics into theatre. An innocence in the playfulness

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of Shaw's works preserves them against the possible decay of their preachment. And in Joan herself—the image her story evokes in our minds—Shaw found a character ideally suited to his courage, persistence, his certainty of being in the right, his swift and forthright disputatiousness. Like the Joan he portrays, Shaw commands esteem through a candid common sense akin to a mystical trust in life and human destiny. Even Shaw's sexlessness reinforces one's intuition that the dramatist's union with Joan was a blessed one.

A few adults may demur at certain aspects of the play (the first scene, for example, strains toward farce), but youngsters and the pure of heart will always respond to it. If you have never before seen it you should certainly see it now, and if you have seen it before—as I have countless times—you will still like it a lot. I say so at this point because I must now proceed to another phase of my critical duty.

The setting for *Saint Joan* by David Hays has a background of slim metal columns circularly arranged. Their height suggests both a cathedral loftiness and the steeliness of medieval warfare. The forestage, where all the action must take place if it is to be fully visible, consists of a number of polished platforms of uneven thicknesses and dimensions. The main properties (throne, table, chairs, etc.) are put in place by costumed supernumeraries. In brief, the setting has a fitting bareness and yet seems to serve the play rather meagerly as a machine for action and as atmosphere. I was aware of "scenery" with a touch of spurious modernity.

Michael Annals' costumes are extremely good-looking, but they are more like plates from an illustrated book of period design than clothes. They are too gleamingly new and rich. The effect is that of a dress parade, and Joan's costume in the cathedral scene is wholly unflattering to the actress' figure—especially in relation to her head.

Diana Sands's Joan has its moments. She is superb in her breakdown during the trial scene and most powerful—gutsy rather than exalted—in her denunciation of the sentence to imprisonment following her recantation. In those passages the actress is wholly in her element. But her speech has not the sharp, crisp stamp of Shavian rhetoric. (Joan was no peasant, the dramatist takes pains to tell us, but a bourgeoisie.) Miss Sands's manner of address is that of a perky maid and not of Shaw's heroic and highly articulate Maid, who at all times speaks the splendidly sane prose of a great statesman. (The play falls short of greatness because the writing, though wonderfully lucid, rarely rises to the pitch of poetry.) Miss Sands

fails to achieve the cleansing nakedness and proud loneliness when, after the Coronation, the Crown, the Church and the big brass abandon her.

Of all the Joans I have seen, only two seemed to me thoroughly adequate to the challenge of the part. One was that of an actress in Israel, a gentile German girl who had fought in the underground against Hitler and later in the various Israeli struggles; the other was Sybil Thorndike in the first London production. (She was a Fabian Socialist, with some of the wholesome asperity of Shaw himself.)

I mention these actresses not to depreciate the performance of Miss Sands, whose qualities of vibrant strength and pluck I admire and whose undertaking of her present role constitutes a step forward in her development but to emphasize what I have already said about the Negro Ensemble and true Theatre in general.

If a production—especially its acting—is to achieve an artistically communicative entity, it must not only be professionally adept or an assemblage of outstanding talents; it must be lit by a moral energy, a fire that transmutes these talents to a new consistency of idea and belief. That is what gives great theatre its ritual significance. It was present in the early days of the Moscow Art Theatre, in the Berliner Ensemble, in the finer work of the Group Theatre. One also sees it occasionally in a musical where the identification of a homogeneous cast with the material dealt with composes all the details into an exhilarating meaning. Some people found it in *Oh, What A Lovely War* and a few of Joan Littlewood's other productions in London's Theatre Royal at Stratford East. It happens now, as I have indicated, in the *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*.

It does not happen in *Saint Joan* because that is not the product of a true Theatre—an aesthetically or ideologically unified company. Yet a word of praise should be said for several of the cast: for the humor of Edward Zang's Dauphin, the pleasant personalities of William Hutt as the Earl of Warwick and of Philip Bosco as Dunois (though both performances are too soft, lacking the soldier's mettle). Mention too should be made of the "masks," voices and demeanor of Tony Van Bridge as Cauchon, Roger De Koven as the Archbishop, John Heffernan as the Inquisitor, Stephen Joyce as Brother Martin. All these, together with the direction, the sets, the costumes, may be accorded some degree of credit, but they do not fuse. Missing is the overall passion of an organic theatre idea to contain and inspire them. For this reason they are not capable of winning our inner assent and are sustained only by the substance of Shaw's capital play.